THE WORD HARVEST OF '44 . . . By Walker Allen Read

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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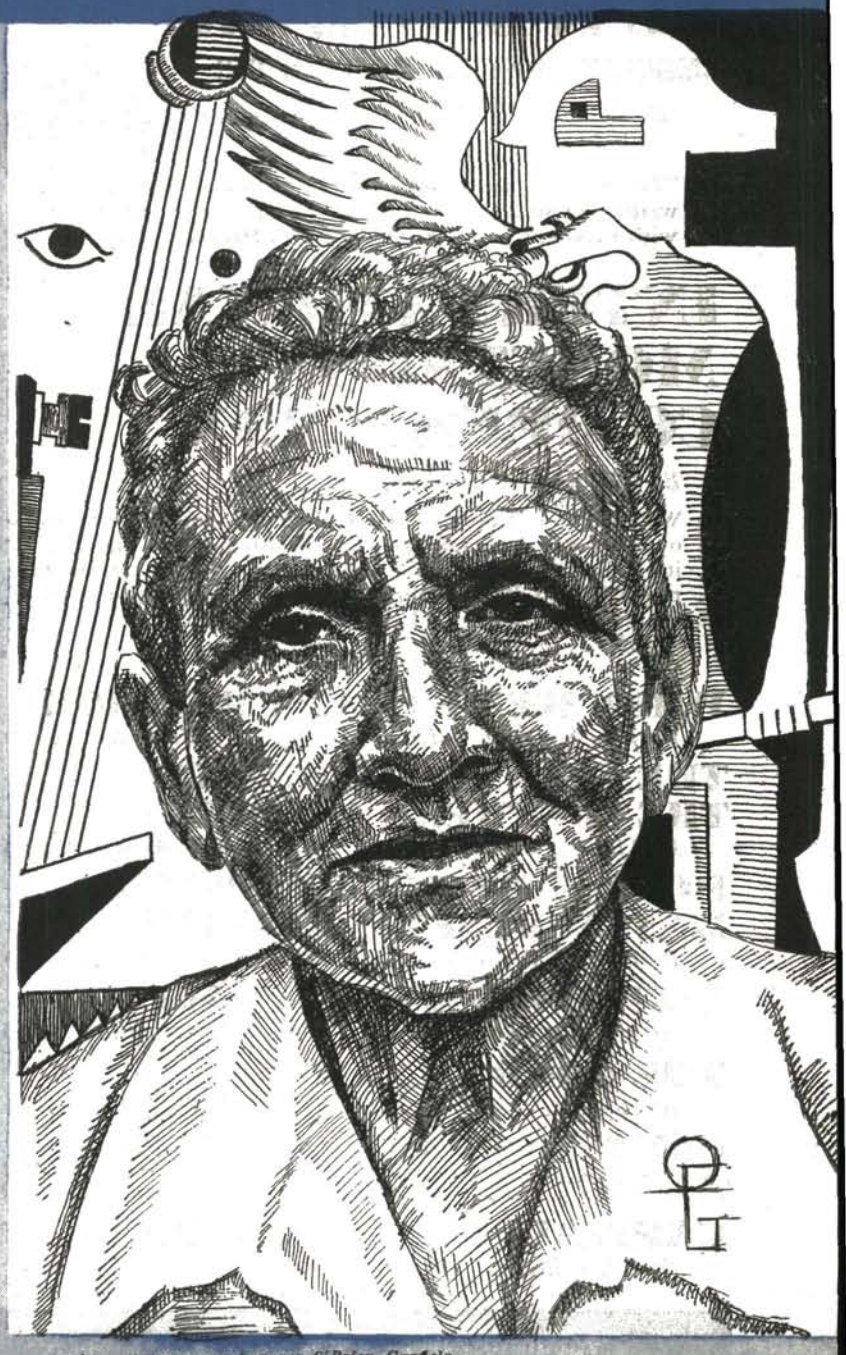

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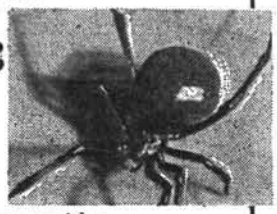

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One book that is NEWS

BOOK PUBLISHERS can seldom claim that any of their volumes are *news* in the daily paper and magazine sense of that urgent word. Long before even a short book can be written and printed, the new facts and discoveries it might compose will have been made public in the press, discussed and editorialized until they are the common property of informed people. It requires a long series of out of the ordinary factors to make public a book that can honestly be described as real news.

On March seventh we published such a book, Harrison Forman's REPORT FROM RED CHINA. Both the substantial text—over 100,000 words—and thirty-six pages of illustrations are real news—vital, timely, and fresh information about an important subject. In our advertising elsewhere we have, quite properly we feel, been calling REPORT FROM RED CHINA "the book publishing scoop of the year." The story behind that scoop explains how it comes about that, for once, a book is urgent news.

What Mr. Forman has done is to tell in full detail what has been happening in the sixteen so-called "Communist" regions of China during the past half decade. He sets forth the facts about how eighty-odd million Chinese have been living during those years, how they have been fighting a brilliant, unrecognized and highly unorthodox war against the Japanese, how they have been pioneering in a new kind of society, solving the millenia-old problems of Chinese life, and what is the progress of their experiment in developing a democracy for at least a part of the oldest nation on earth. And this story is being published at the very height of a stormy controversy about these Chinese "Reds" in which the supporters of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Government are claiming that these eighty million of their fellow countrymen are an incorrigible menace . . .

Americans have been told about the "Communist" areas of China before, of course. Edgar Snow has written brilliantly about them. So have Agnes Smedley Butler and Ilona Ralf Sues. But since well before Pearl Harbor, no western journalist had been allowed to visit Yenan —the "Communist" capital—or the fighting fronts where the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army, representing somewhat less than a fifth of all the Chinese armies engaging the Japanese, have been holding, almost alone, the entire Japanese forces in check.

The deadlock of censorship and information on the "Communist" areas during the past five or six years has been imposed from Chungking. When correspondents were allowed permission to visit Yenan, their dispatches were censored or suppressed. Questions from the press were answered along the line that these people—"actually little better than brigands"—were such brilliant propagandists that if correspondents were allowed to go see for themselves they would be completely hoodwinked. So the correspondents in the Press Hostel in Chungking had waited.

Finally Chungking had to relent. An official press party was authorized to go to Yenan. It was, however, not a large party, and only Mr. Forman and one or two of the others stayed to cover the whole of the great story they found in China's so-called Border Regions.

Realizing that the fragmentary news dispatches he was able to file at the time did no more than scrape the surface, Harrison Forman began to write REPORT FROM RED CHINA while he was still in Yenan. He jotted down rough notes in the field while he was traveling with the Red Army and watching the actual anti-Japanese fighting. When he returned to Chungking he had most of his book ready. Another month of work finished the job, and the manuscript reached us just before Christmas. Thus it has taken us about two months to edit and print the book—something of a record in these days of manufacturing difficulties and a feather in the cap of our printers. Meantime Lin Yutang's THE VIGIL OF A NATION, General Stilwell's recall, the military crisis in China, and a whole group of dramatic events there have precipitated a profound controversy about China's present and future.

In this controversy, Harrison Forman's book seems to us to have a major role. Clear, unbiased and factual in its reporting, it is both authoritative and exciting. Its author, a member of no political ism or sect, tells the story just as he saw it and presents the evidence impartially. Seldom have we felt more sincerely that the publication of one of our books was in the national interest than in the case of REPORT FROM RED CHINA.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Word Harvest of '44

An Inventory of the Year's Words and Expressions

WALKER ALLEN READ

THE year 1944 provided a rich harvest of new words. The full range will not be known until some years hence when many collectors have pooled their findings, but it is possible here, a few weeks after the close of the year, to present a representative sample. Some of these new words made their appearance because of special conditions in 1944—the war, the political campaign, discoveries and inventions, new social conditions, etc.; while others seem to be a random filling in of gaps and might have turned up in any year.

Let us consider first certain war words. Through the early part of the year the term *V-Day* sufficed to refer to the anticipated day of victory, but in September, at the suggestion of James F. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization, the newspapers began using *V-E Day* and *V-J Day*. This refinement came with the realization that "Victory in Europe" Day and "Victory over Japan" Day would doubtless be two separate events. Other terms in the same class are *S-Day*, used by *Time* for "Surrender Day" (Jan. 24, p. 14a) and *F-Day*, used by Elsa Maxwell for "Flight Day" as planned by the Italian leaders (N. Y. *Post*, Nov. 29, p. 12b).

The term *G. I.* has had several extensions in meaning in the course of the year. The American soldiers even speak of "German G. I.'s." A companion word to *G. I. Joe* was sought for the Wacs, and three candidates have made bids for favor—*G. I. Jane*, *G. I. Jill*, and *G. I. Josephine*. It seems likely that *G. I. Jane* will have the greatest currency. Mention should also be made of Clare Luce's coinage, *G. I. Jim*. The columnists heralded it even before her speech was given: "Clare Luce's speech, introducing G. I. Jim (G. I. Joe's dead buddy), will be a scorcher" (Earl Wilson in N. Y. *Post*, June 26, p. 12b). The term aroused considerable criticism as an unwarranted appeal to emotion, and no one else seems to have taken it up.

The most spectacular innovation among the war terms was the addition of a higher rank for officers both of the Army and of the Navy. The names had various forms as they passed through the Congressional bills, but they came out as *General of the Army* and *Admiral of the Fleet* (for officers entitled to five stars). One of the hurdles was that this new rank should be distinct from that of Gen. John J. Pershing, and his continues as before, *General of the Armies*. Another unit has been unofficially added to the well-known series G-1 to G-4 in the general staff divisions: G-5 refers to the division of civil affairs that helps to revive normal life in liberated regions.

The materializing of the German "secret weapon" brought into use the

terms *V-1*, for a robot bomb called *Vergeltungswaffe No. 1*, and later *V-2*, for another type of the bomb. When a middle-sized variety appeared, it was not called *V-3 but V-1½* (N. Y. *Times*, Dec. 23, p. 1h). A considerable number of colloquial names developed, as a writer in the British *New Statesman and Nation* commented (June 24, p. 417b): "'Southern England,' now being a theatre of war, is inventing names for the P-plane. What will stick? *Bumble-bomb, Whirley, Buzz-bomb*, or *Doodle-bug?*" A rival term was *robomb*. These visitations created the *roblitz* (Chicago *Sun*, July 23, p. 2g).

A new vocabulary is developing to take care of the returned or discharged soldier. The new name for him is said to be *separatee* (*Fortune*, Oct., p. 120). Already the Army has set up eight *separation centers* and the Navy certain *discharge centers*. The terms *dischargee* (*Common Sense*, Dec., p. 414b) and *returnee* (*PM*, Sept. 24, Mag., p. 10) have also appeared. The new term *referral center* designates a place set up to aid veterans. The Selective Service Act granted seniority to the returning soldier, but an additional level has had to be devised, and this is called *super-seniority* (*Nation*, Nov. 11, p. 494b). To cover the whole subject, Willard Waller in his book "The Veteran Comes Back" has invented the term *veteranology*, and he hopes to acquaint people with the findings of *veteranologists*.

A few new words developed in connection with the political campaign, the chief one being *Republicrat*. It was first used in the spring by Senator Claude Pepper of Florida in his campaign for renomination. He charged that Republicans, isolationists, and *Republicrats* (a hybrid that would be disgusting to the Southern voter) had ganged up on him (N. Y. *Post*, April 24, p. 19c). The epithet was later used in Texas for the Democrats who organized the "revolt" against the President. They were labelled "the Republicratic gang" (*New Republic*, June 19, p. 801a). In New York City, however, the term was used without any invidious connotation; on the day of the election a furniture company pictured a "Republi-Crat" in an advertisement that contained merely a nonpartisan appeal to use the franchise. The expression *Third Termite*, much used in 1940, was dusted off and refurbished in the form *Fourth Termite* (B. De Casseres in N. Y. *Daily Mirror*, Oct. 25, p. 23a).

THE most numerous verbal progeny of the campaign consisted of the derivative forms from proper names. Most of the leading figures had *-ite*, *-ism*, etc., attached to their names. Most widely in use were *Deweyite*, *Brickerite*, and *Hillmanite*. I have collected quotations also for *Barkleyite*, *Douglasite*, *Farleyite*, *Stassenite* and *Stassenism*, *Hillmanize*, *Taftism*, *Wallaceism*, *Diesism*, *Browderism*, and others. The *Daily Worker* of Oct. 8, p. 1a, parodied the older *Hooverville* by fabricating a *Deweyville*.

The economic and social outlook of the year gave rise to other words. George Bernard Shaw boldly coined *fashify* in "Everybody's Political What's What" when he wrote that "Germany proposes to fashify the whole earth under the Führership of Adolf Hitler." The Socialist Party of New York State

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is responsible for the word *fascistization.* Their executive committee directed their energies toward combatting "permanent militarization and fascistization of the American people" (N. Y. *Times,* Dec. 4, p. 25b). The terms *cryptofascist,* referring to a covert type of fascist (N. Y. *Times,* Nov. 6, p. 9a), and *parafascist,* referring to a similarity to fascism (*Nation,* June 24, p. 732a), have also appeared. Bruce Bliven aroused considerable heat when he used the expression *hang-back boys* in the *New Republic* (March 6, p. 305a): "I refer to the group of individuals and periodicals—in theory well to the Left—who are 'sitting out' this war. . . . They are the spiritual saboteurs, the hang-back boys." He mentioned no names, but a number of leftists rushed to defend themselves.

In the field of political science the word *etatism* has been used by Ludwig von Mises in his book "Omnipresent Government." It is questionable whether this borrowing from the French is any improvement on the word *statism,* which has been used in English for some years. The word *Badoglioism* was used in the *Nation* (July 1, p. 26c) as follows: "To countenance any kind of German Badoglioism after Hitler will simply contribute to the reproduction of the evil." A new verb is found in the sentence from the *New Leader* (July 15, p. 9b) that the Free German Movement "completely out-vansittartises 'Vansittartism'."

THE word cartel has had a meteoric rise in frequency and a number of derivatives have developed, such as *cartel-busting* and *cartelographer.* Jonathan Stout in the *New Leader* (Dec. 16, p. 3a) wrote about "a man who knows cartel-building—and therefore cartel-busting—from the inside"; and Louis Marlio was described in *Common Sense* (Dec., p. 440b) as " a De Gaullist cartelographer, formerly chief of the international aluminum cartel in Europe." Related discussion involved the words *Keynesian* and *Keynesism.* The term *give-away boys* is a derogatory epithet used by writers of the National Association of Manufacturers to describe employees of the F.E.A. or Foreign Economic Administration (*Christian Science Monitor,* Nov. 13, p. 15d). A rival of the black market developed in the *red market,* which consists of selling an inferior grade of meat in return for red ration points. As the N. Y. *Times* reported (Dec. 7, p. 1b): "Housewives throughout the nation are being cheated of millions of meat and butter ration points by a 'red market,' the existence of which was confirmed yesterday by the Office of Price Administration."

Some new terms descriptive of social conditions have arisen. When some young girls were arrested for spreading venereal disease among the Army and Navy personnel, an officer described them as *patriotutes* (N. Y. *Times,* Nov. 4, p. 17a). The word is of course a blend of *patriot* plus *prostitute.* Another designation for young girls, in this case innocuous, is found in the two forms *bobby socker* and *bobby-sockser.* An instrument called a *Kike-killer,* apparently a kind of bludgeon, received considerable publicity when its inventor, James True, was arraigned in the Washington sedition trials. The term *push day* has a certain currency, if we may believe a report concerning Senator Truman, now Vice-President, in *Common Sense* (Oct., p. 351b):

> The most remarkable of Senator Truman's beliefs is his delusion that Negroes have organized "push days." Negroes, he told us, "are going too far in St. Louis. There Negroes have started a 'push day' once a week. Why, St. Louis is sitting on a keg of dynamite! And they've got a 'push day' in Washington, too! I won't let my daughter go downtown on the streetcars on Thursdays, any more. It's not safe. They push people off the streetcars."

A dislike of certain foreigners led Robert Moses, Park Commissioner of New York City, to coin the term *Beiunski.* He attacked "long-haired planners" among architects and municipal planning experts from abroad, asserting that they always spoke about how things were done *bei uns* or "among us" (N. Y. *Times Magazine,* June 25, p. 16). The derogatory term aroused a storm of criticism.

The year s inventions provided a fruitful source of new words. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the *stratocruiser,* announced on November 15 by the Boeing Company as a peacetime adaptation of the B-29 superbomber. In the first week of the year the phrase *jet propulsion* burst into the language in an official joint British-American report on recent experimentation with various rocket types of propulsion.

The familiar word *jeep* has given rise to derivatives. A cabled message from Allied Headquarters in Kandy, Ceylon, appeared in the N. Y. *Times* of May 3, p. 3h, as follows: "A new word, 'jeepable,' is being used on maps and in communications of the Southeastern Asia Command, referring to rough overland trails impassable to vehicles other than jeeps." A reporter in the N. Y. *Post* (June 5, p. 3a) spoke of "a jeepload of correspondents," and a writer in *Time* (Sept. 4, p. 27c) described a party as "jeeping peacefully through Maquis-held territory." The *jungle jeep* is a new type "resembling an over-sized toy wagon" (N. Y. *Times,* Nov. 11, p. 5g), having a flat platform top without seats and a type of steering apparatus that allows the operator to lead, follow, or ride the vehicle.

THE word *tank-dozer* appears well established (N. Y. *Times,* Aug. 4, p. 3c), as applied to a medium sized tank fitted with a three and a half ton blade. Like a bulldozer, it can snap off rather large trees. The word *chow-mobile* refers to a much more sedate vehicle (N. Y. *Times,* July 16, p. 25a), a long trailer type of canteen, pulled by a tractor, serving hot meals at fixed spots in shipyards and factories.

From the fighting front has come news of a new weapon called the *factory buster* (N. Y. *Times,* March 4, p. 2f), a big brother of the "block buster," which weighs a mere four tons. The Army's name for a portable loudspeaker is recorded as *hog caller* (*PM,* Sept. 20, p. 4d). The ear plugs adopted by the Navy, small nipple-shaped devices made of neoprene, have been designated *ear wardens* (N. Y. *Times,* July 31, p. 3b).

The proposed prefabricated houses of England have been dubbed *portal houses,* named after Lord Portal, whose ministry is in charge of housing. Already *Punch* has made jokes about "crossing one's portal." The American name *dwelling machine* has been discussed ruefully in the *New Yorker* (Dec. 16, p. 15a). Of less moment is the *papoose-pram,* a device for carrying a baby in front of one, as a cigarette girl carries her tray (*This Week,* N. Y. *Herald Tribune,* July 23, p. 18c).

The fashion-mongers seem to have been less busy than usual in 1944, for only one new color has come to my attention. This is *limelight,* of the green family, said to be a shade more radiant than lime or chartreuse (N. Y. *Times,* Oct. 25, p. 24g). The *brunch coat* is now available for women (*PM,* May 17, p. 7d) and men can have underclothing made of *camouflage cloth* (*Time,* Feb. 21, p. 12c). The new name for the cocktail canapé is *smorgasbits* (*New Yorker,* Dec. 16, p. 21a).

The term *adjacent listening* refers to the practice of listening to the radio program either before or after

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the one that the listener is especially interested in. This can make a considerable difference, as P. F. Lazarsfeld and F. N. Stanton point out in *Radio Research, 1942-1943,* to buyers of radio time. The *comfortization engineer* made his appearance before the public in Albert A. Arnhym's book *Comfortization of Aircraft.* A further development of penicillin has been discovered by two German chemists in London and named *vivicillin* (N. Y. *Times,* May 8, p. 1b).

The literary scene has also made its contribution. Perhaps the most spectacular of all new words of 1944 is Maury Maverick's *gobbledygook,* which he defines as "talk or writing which is long, pompous, vague, involved, usually with Latinized words" (N. Y. *Times Magazine,* May 21, p. 11). He wrote as follows concerning the word's origin:

> People asked me how I got the word. I do not know. It must have come in a vision. Perhaps I was thinking of the old bearded turkey gobbler back in Texas who was always gobbledygobbling and strutting with ridiculous pomposity. At the end of his gobble was a sort of gook.

The word met with an immediate response over the country and bids fair to be a permanent addition to the English vocabulary. Typical of the new usage is a reviewer's comment that a certain author "writes the purest Gobbledygook" (R. Wetzel in N. Y. *Times Book Review,* July 9, p. 21a). The department of English at Lehigh University proposed a plan to put "all jargonists and pseudo-scientists" into a university of their own on a desert isle, and this was to be named "The University of Gobbledy Gook" (*News Letter of the College English Assoc.,* Sept., p. 2d). No doubt a train of derivatives will appear, for already two are in use—*gobbledygooker,* used by Maverick himself, and *gobbledygookish,* used by the columnists Van Devander and Player (N. Y. *Post,* March 31, p. 4d).

The devotees of Basic English have needed a name, and two have turned up in this year—*Basicist* (*New Statesman and Nation,* April 15, p. 257b) and *Basic-Englisher* (*SRL,* May 13, p. 6b). In 1942 S. I. Hayakawa used the word *bibliotherapy* in a talk before the English Institute at Columbia University, and it has now got into print (Chicago *Sun Book Week,* Dec. 3, p. 45a). The word aroused considerable antagonism in the audience, for the typical academic literary scholar is offended by the notion that literature has practical uses in helping maladjusted people to become better adjusted. Hayakawa's word *bibliotherapist* is no doubt a coinage of 1944, when he wrote: "Let us welcome the 'bibliotherapists,' therefore, however much they may be confused by the magnitude and complexity of their task." The word *documentarian* has been devised to describe the followers of documentary films (D. Prentiss in *New Masses,* Jan. 18, p. 29a).

Let us turn now to certain matters of form. As might be expected, the suffix *-ism* has been the most prolific of new words. Among those not yet in the dictionaries for which I have collected evidence of 1944 are *cossackism, dollar-a-yearism, Hamletism, islandism, maturism, pro-Russianism, quarter-wit-ism,* and *transnationalism.* To these should be added *civilianism,* in the plaint of a soldier in *Yank* (Sept. 8, p. 14c): his treatment for the ills of the Army "is a life of civilianism." Probably it was a form of pedantry that led Professor G. M. Bolling to use *polyglotticism* instead of the well-established *polyglottism* (*Classical Philology,* April, 6. 104).

The suffix *-ist* has also been active, producing *avantgardist, cinematist, constipationist* (Elsa Maxwell's epithet for isolationists), *rocketist,* and *slummist.* The suffix *-istic* is usually derogatory. It has long been known that being "communistic" is worse than being a "communist." The adjective *liberalistic* has this derogatory tinge, as when Dwight Macdonald wrote in *Politics* (Aug., 6. 194b): "The only thing Wallace is really good at is making grandiose liberalistic speeches." Of like tone are *Nazistic, ultimatistic,* and *modernistical.* The *-ish* words also make an important class, and the year provided *auntyish, heeby-jeeby-ish, ivory towerish, lipstickish, movieish, old-retainerish,* and *sex-appealish.*

Some unrecorded words in *-ite* have turned up. The president of the Motor and Equipment Manufacturers' Association used the word *ism-ite* when he gave an address before the Chamber of Commerce of Gary, Indiana, on the subject, "Shall We Permit the Ismites of the Screw Deal to Keep Small Business Forever on Crutches?" *Hayfeverite* and *EAMite* use the same suffix.

French words in *-er* have made their appearance, among them being *lunatic-fringer, real estater, shacker, statisticker,* and *white supremer.* This ending is frequently added to initials, as in *OWIer, TVAer, GOPer, SPer, PACer,* and *CIOer.* The ending *-ee* is less used. Besides *dischargee* and *returnee,* already mentioned, appears *analyzee,* as in Manny Farber's reference to "displays of what the well dressed analyst and analyzee should wear" (*New Republic,* April 10, p. 501a). In England the women who volunteered to man the canal barges disliked the odorous name *bargee* and chose *boatee* instead (*London Daily Mail,* April 15, p. 3h).

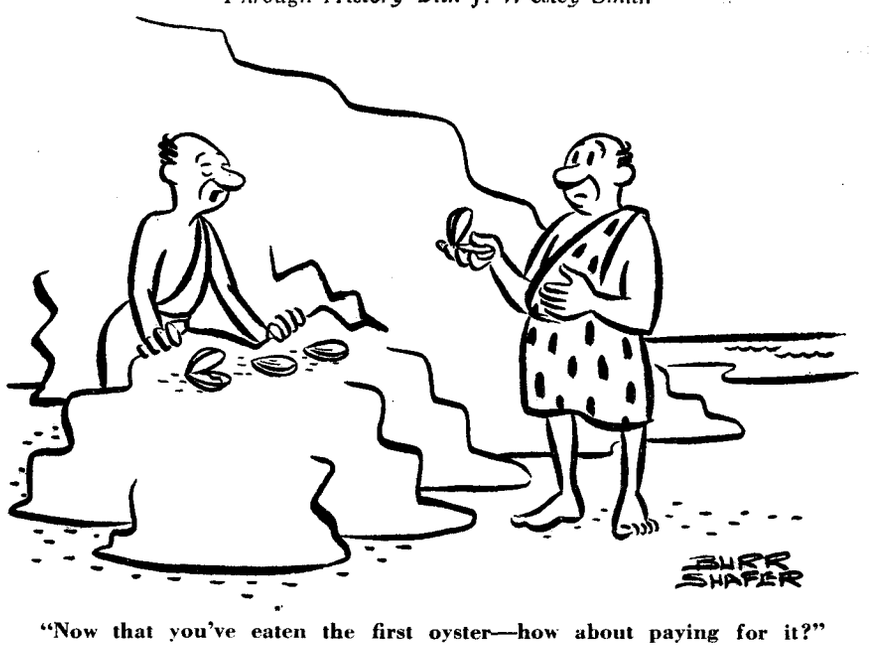
Words in *-ness* add their share:

> AGOGNESS: Members trooped back from the Christmas recess in what might be called a state of general agogness. [*New Statesman & Nation,* Jan. 22, p. 50c.]
>
> HOMEFULNESS: We can also feel at home in the whole world, although such homefulness is experienced at the present time by very few of us. [Beardsley Ruml, in an address at Albany, in N. Y. *Times,* Oct. 20, p. 32d.]
>
> LEFTWARDNESS: What does *Politics* offer them? A center for leftwardness? [G. P. Elliott in *Politics,* Sept., p. 247b.]

The ending *-ery* has also been active, as in *crack-pottery, left-mountebankery,* and *slummery.* Likewise *-ling* gave us *boomling, cleverling,* and *spruceling,* and *-ana* gave us *Anglo-*

(*Continued on page* 26)

Through History with J. Wesley Smith



"Now that you've eaten the first oyster—how about paying for it?"

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The Importance of Being Earnest

WARS I HAVE SEEN. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 1945. 259 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN February, 1943, Gertrude Stein was warned by a friendly lawyer in Belley that she and Alice Toklas should leave France for Switzerland if they wished to avoid a concentration camp. The frontier was closed, but it could be arranged for them to pass by fraud. Miss Stein said she would have to talk it over with her friend. They did talk it over, and Miss Stein concluded the discussion by declaring: "No, I am not going we are not going, it is better to go regularly wherever we are sent than to go irregularly where nobody can help us if we are in trouble, no I said, they are always trying to get us to leave France but here we are and here we stay." And stay they did, and they did not go to a concentration camp; and this book is the result and the story of their staying.

It is a good book, a very good book, and it would be a great pity if any readers were put off it by Gertrude Stein's reputation for wilfull obscurity and nonsensicality. For this book makes sense, all the way through. It makes sense sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, and page by page. The only difficulty it presents arises from the lack of standard punctuation—the reader is slowed in his reading because he has to do a certain amount of punctuating that the author has refused to do—but this is a minor trouble. Whether or not Miss Stein has gained much by causing the reader this particular trouble is another matter, and debatable. At least it must be admitted that she has gained an appearance; an appearance of continuous, almost seamless prose. But there is more to this continuity than mere appearance. There is a continuity of rhythm and rhythms, a continuity that is tireless but sometimes also a little tiring, a little soporific, like the very different rhythms of Swinburne's verse; and the reader must be on his guard against it, and be more alert with Miss Stein than he would be with an author who breathed less tirelessly, and did not go on and on, and on and on, like an indefatigable talker, a talker capable of talking down even George Moore, capable of talking him down and of talking him right out of the house. But if one is careful with these rhythms, one is repaid. One sees that Miss Stein could not have said just what she had to say, as effectively as she has said it, without these rhythms, or without the repetitions she loves and with which she emphatically scores. That she lets herself be led by the nose by rhyme, because of her fondness for rhyming prose, that she allows an easy rhyme to shape her sentences as she sometimes does, is perhaps censurable; but this too is debatable, and here too there is reason in what she does, for her trick of rhyme often punches home a thought, as did the old playwrights' trick when they tagged a blank verse scene with a tight and clinking couplet.

Whatever else may be said of it, Gertrude Stein's prose is now a mature, flexible, wonderfully useful instrument. And its clarity is of crystal when she wishes it to be. It is highly individual, of course, but so is every other prose style that has ever mattered in the history of literature. When anyone asks, as people do ask, why she doesn't say what she has to say in ordinary language, one can reply only with a question and demand what is meant by ordinary language. The language of Swift? Of Carlyle? Of

Hemingway or of Faulkner or of Yeats? But each of these languages, in its own way, departs from the ordinary (Miss Stein herself having assisted in the Hemingway departure). The language of Edna Ferber? Or of Louis Bromfield? Or of the latest and slickest short story the biggest and slickest magazine has most recently published? At this point the reduction to absurdity is plain: the question ceases to have meaning. Of course, Gertrude Stein cannot write in ordinary language, any more than can any other writer who is not ordinary. She can write only in her own language, and succeed or fail in the doing of it. In the past, perhaps wilfully, she has often failed to communicate, and it was either her misfortune or her fun, depending upon her intention. In this book she does communicate, she is gravely intent on communication: her success is complete, and it is our good fortune as well as hers. Let me insist again that it is a good fortune that should be missed by no reader because of prejudice, no matter how broad the base that Miss Stein may have furnished for that prejudice.

What was it like to live in France during the German occupation? "Wars I Have Seen" does not answer that question. No single book could answer it. But this book does do perfectly the job it is meant to do. It tells us what it was like to be Gertrude Stein and to live in France, in the country, in the department of the Ain, close to the border of Savoy, during the German occupation. It tells us what it was like from the summer of 1943 until the coming of the Americans in the autumn of 1944. It tells us as a journal would tell us, for this is what the book really is, although it has not been printed as a journal and the dates are few. It is a journal that covers rather more than a year, with a few backward glances for the purposes of furnishing background and establishing a point of view. It is a continuous, thoughtful monologue, that keeps pace with the present as it comes into being and becomes the past; it is a monologue packed with anecdotes, with what the author herself happily calls good stories. It is always today in this book, although other days are of course mentioned from time to time. We, writer and readers, are always moving forward with today as it reaches towards, but always just fails to turn into, tomorrow. Things are always changing, thoughts are always changing; particularly ideas about the war and when it will be over, or when it will not. For example, everyone knows, in the summer of 1943, that the war will be over any day; whereas, in the winter of '43-'44, everyone knows that it will probably last forever.

The anecdotes and the stories all and each have their meaningful places in the monologue, for one by one, and together in accumulation, they tell us what it was like to be Gertrude Stein and to live under the Germans; and they also tell us what Gertrude Stein thought it was like to be someone else, many other people, and to live under the Germans. What it was to belong to the families of young men who were prisoners, for example; or to be among those whose sons were being rounded up for work-camps in Germany; or to see one's menfolk taking to the mountains. Or to be, oneself, young and French and male in the time of great troubles.

> It is sad when at nineteen and twenty you have to decide for yourself, shall you betake yourself to the mountains, shall you stay at home and risk it, shall you go to Germany and hate it and perhaps be bombed working for your country's enemies and shall you what shall you what can you do, what will you do, it is hard at eighteen or nineteen to have to decide all these

(*Continued on page* 30)

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China, Japan, and the Making of Tomorrow

The Issues

SOLUTION IN ASIA. By Owen Lattimore. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1945. 214 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

THE breath of the future blows through this brief but stimulating review of Far Eastern issues. It looks toward coming events that will shape the broad aspects of international policy in that area of complicated facts and complex rivalries. The author sees the "politics of attraction" as contributory to a new and more powerful role for the USSR in postwar Asia. The prestige of Soviet arms will be one factor, but hardly less important will be the concrete betterment of conditions demonstrated in the group of Asiatic republics stretching along the Soviet frontier from Vladivostok to the Black Sea. Lattimore also probes beneath the surface of the normal approach to the treatment of Japan. He believes that the whole structure of Japanese society made for war, and that aggression "will be renewed unless the Japanese are allowed to change the system." More than disarmament measures, however stringent, or elimination of the "militarists" are required if the Japanese menace is to be exorcised in the postwar world. A third great determinant in Far Eastern affairs will be the attitude and policies adopted by the great Western powers toward colonialism. He is not too sanguine on this issue, but he is certain that the colonial peoples will not contentedly accept the return to an inferior status that now seems marked out for them.

These problems are not only themselves interrelated, but are closely tied in with the course of developments in China. The details of Lattimore's analysis of the Chinese scene cannot be reproduced here, except to note that he places the decisive responsibility for action squarely upon the Kuomintang. If, when the war ends,

> the Chinese already have the right to organize under more than one party and to elect representatives to responsible office, then in the more advanced colonial regions, like India and Java, it will be difficult to continue "colonial trusteeship" except on a relatively short-term basis. If the war ends with an increasingly unpopular one-party tutelage still imposed on an increasingly unwilling and restive Chinese people, then the advocates of colonial trusteeship will justify a long-term retention of the colonial order on the ground that the Asiatic people which has had the best opportunity has not shown itself able to cope with the realities of democratic life.

The direction taken by China, moreover,

> may determine the fate of Japan for many decades. In proximity to a democratically progressive China, the evolution of democracy in Japan would be relatively easy. A politically retarded China would also be economically retarded and undermined by rural poverty and discontent; China's allies would feel the lack of support for a coördinated policy strong and assured enough to allow latitude for experiment, and in America and Britain, at least, this would result in demands for a long-range, authoritarian, quasi-colonial control of Japan.

In American policy, these interconnections must be clearly recognized if constructive results are to be achieved. "We ourselves," he writes, "cannot keep in separate compartments our China policy, our Soviet policy, our Japan policy, or our policy toward colonial countries." The United States has at present "the clearest power of attraction for all Asia," but to use this power wisely it must have an objective. It must use its power to extend and strengthen the freedom bloc in Asia that will be initially constituted by China, Outer Mongolia, Korea, the Philippines, and Thailand.

> Since we are not in contact by land, and since there is no question of annexation, we could adopt a policy of attraction only for the purpose of encouraging the development of nations which are similar to us in being independent, and similar enough to us in political, social, and economic structure to promote investment and trade on terms which are mutually profitable, and which do not represent unequal exploitation by us. If we adopt such a policy, it will be facilitated by the power of attraction which we already have. If we do not, our power of attraction will rapidly fade.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Dangerous Cracks

Inner War

REPORT FROM RED CHINA. By Harrison Forman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 244 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

MR. FORMAN'S book is the most important source work to come to us from China since Edgar Snow wrote his now-classic account of the Red Star over that tragic and tumultuous land. For six years before the summer of 1944 a rigorous governmental blockade kept military supplies, medicine, and newspapermen from the mysterious Communist area of North China, providing, among other things, a complete news blackout that rendered pretty ridiculous the claim by Lin Yutang and others that only the Red side was presented in the American press. Then, last year, Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Party finally consented to allow a group of journalists to visit the unknown districts centered in Yenan. Mr. Forman's "Report from Red China" is the first account in book form of that historic expedition.

I was in Chungking when the press party, considerably to its own surprise, started for Yenan and I was still there when it returned. Since it is the customary thing to find American journalistic visitors to a land of social experiment returning either bitterly disillusioned or more set in their previous convictions than ever, it was fascinating to find that these Occidental observers, of all political points of view or of no particular political persuasion at all, were to a man enormously impressed by what they had seen and were convinced that, to paraphrase Lincoln Steffens, it was the future of China and it worked. I think it is worth reporting at the outset that Mr. Forman's verdict is the unanimous verdict of his colleagues.

In considerable part, "Report from Red China" is important because the speed and energy of Mr. Forman has made his the first of what promises to be—and should be—a series of journalistic records of the expedition written by American reporters. Its value, however, is more than that of timeliness and speed. Chiefly, its virtue is that it is a simple, straightforward, factual account of what an experienced observer saw in a six-months' trip through the Communist-controlled territory, including a visit to the guerrilla areas, where he saw the Chinese Reds and their peasant partisans fighting the Japanese occupying forces. Mr.

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Forman's is a report that cannot be ignored by such gentlemen as Lin Yutang and Congressman Walter Judd, who have recently hit upon the idea of denying that the Communists have been battling the Japs at all.

Whatever the demerits of Lin Yutang's vehement recent book, "The Vigil of a Nation," it at least served to bring into the open the whole matter of the criticism of China in the United States and the increasing volume of rebuttals thereto. It is Dr. Lin's claim that the disapproval of Chungking's Kuomintang government shown by so many Americans is the direct result of a baleful Communist conspiracy, aided and abetted by hostile American correspondents who are either dupes or agents of the Reds. In this opinion he seems to be joined by Mr. Luce's *Time*.

In addition, ever since my recent return from a year in China, I have heard it said that, even if the Kuomintang is as revolutionary and the Communists are as progressive as most reports would indicate, it still is unwise for us to say so. The contention is that by injecting ourselves into Chinese internal politics we are interfering unjustifiably in the affairs of a friendly nation and behaving churlishly toward an ally. It is likewise urged that in saying kind words for the Chinese Communists we are assisting a group that is bent on selling China out to Russia and that the better and more effective these Reds are, the worse is our mistake in helping them.

Mr. Forman is a valuable witness in combatting these great fallacies, but even before going into his evidence, it is possible to dispute some of them. As a nation we are committed to accepting China as one of the big four among the United Nations, despite the frank skepticism of Russia and Britain. Clearly the Chinese Republic, as now constituted, is not a major power and is in no position to carry out the functions of one in the post-war world. Clearly, it can become one only after much travail and much creative effort and with America's friendly aid, both material and spiritual. Furthermore, as I have said, the lives of many thousands of young Americans depend upon the Chinese being put into a position in which they will be able to make an important contribution to the last phase of the war against Japan. On both scores it strikes me that Americans are entitled to have their say on what is going on in China.

Furthermore, most of the Chinese intellectual liberals, not Communist but moderate and progressive, look upon us as friends and count on us for support. Despite a censorship that last season banned half the plays submitted to it, the dramatists of China, in particular, have been striving earnestly to express their confidence in a forward-looking democratic China and look upon our similar-minded writers as allies and colleagues. The same is true of the novelists and critics, who have particular faith in O'Neill, Steinbeck, and Hemingway. All of these men and women are working for a great and free China and they pay us the compliment of believing that they have our sympathy and good wishes. Certainly they are entitled to our moral support.

As for the contention that we should do nothing that might aid the Chinese Communists because they are already committed to Moscow, this seems to me based on that curious sort of defeatist belief that shows melancholy signs of dominating American political thought. It is suggested that a post-war future can be arranged in which there will be jobs for all. Oh, no; we can't do that because it's an article in the Soviet Constitution. It is hinted that it might be a good idea if we made friends with Marshal Tito or the Chinese Communists. Oh, no; we mustn't do that because the Russians already have them safely in hand. We seem determined to insist that any advanced idea or vigorous political group is inevitably in the hands of Moscow. With all of my admiration for the Russians I think we are paying them too high a compliment.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Forman's evidence—and he is corroborated by all the other Americans who visited Yenan during the period when the blockade against them was suspended—is that the Chinese Communists form a free and independent body without subservience to Moscow and are interested, not in acting as agents for a foreign government or even in collectivizing China, but in bringing about a unified democratic nation and fighting the Japanese. They are intelligent enough to realize that China is so essentially an agricultural country and that they are so dependent on the Chinese farmers who compose the vast majority of the population that their first task is to do away with feudalism and return the land to the individual farmers, not to attempt any collectivization. They realize to the full the advantage of American friendship and show signs of being far more co-operative than their Kuomintang rivals. Most of all, they apparently have no desire to take over the government, wanting only a coalition with the liberal forces of the party now in power.

Harrison Forman with General Ho Lung of the Eighth Route Army.

It is absurd to say that the reports coming from Mr. Forman and his colleagues putting the Communist regime in Yenan in a more favorable light than the Kuomintang regime in Chungking are the result of a Red conspiracy. The American correspondents assigned to China are neither Bolshevik agents or Bolshevik dupes. They are, on the contrary, a serious and earnest body of extremely well-informed and objective newspapermen of, as I have noted, all political points of view or no political point of view at all. In truth, I know of two Americans who visited Yenan feeling very strongly against the Communists and returned as enthusiastic as the others.

Possibly it might be advisable to look back for a moment and see how the American criticism of China grew. In the first place, after Pearl Harbor we all had a sense of sin about the Chinese. We properly felt guilty about having so long provided the Japanese with material for making war on the Chinese people, even though in the last analysis we went to war against Japan rather than gain more time by selling Chungking out. I don't think we deserve great praise for refusing to be party to such a deal but it should be remembered that even when appeasing we didn't forget China entirely.

Anyway, the extent of Japan's early victories over the United States and Britain made us look with increased admiration on the long and successful Chinese resistance against the supermen of Nippon. The old American habit of getting a crush on other nations overcame us and we saw the Chinese as a nation of four hundred million heroes. It is, of course, the national custom to get over our crushes as quickly as we get them, and so it wasn't long before we began reconsidering and going to the other extreme. This was obviously unfair because it led us momentarily to forget China's great accomplishments.

Now, however, a sensible balance is being struck. Through unwise Kuomin-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Making of Organized Peace

INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS. Past and Future. By Manley O. Hudson. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and Brookings Institution. 1944. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

PIONEERS IN WORLD ORDER. Edited by Harriet Eager Davis. New York: Columbia University Press. 1944. 272 *pp.* $2.75.

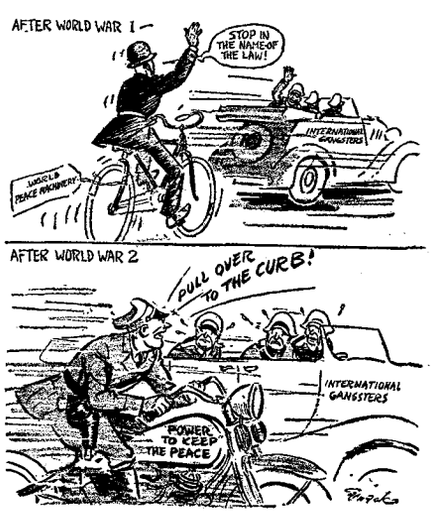
Reviewed by DEXTER PERKINS

THE first of these two books is highly specialized, written by one of the foremost authorities on the subject with which it deals. Judge Hudson has been a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice—the World Court, as it is called in popular parlance—since 1936, and he believes that that institution represents "the supreme achievement of the twentieth century effort" in the field of international adjudication. He hopes that the court can be "reanimated" when peace is restored, and he is convinced that no other institution will so effectively serve the need for an international judicial body. Though his book deals with international tribunals from a variety of viewpoints, with their evolution, their structure, their administration, and many other such matters, and has a very great value for the technical expert, its core and center for the layman lies in its authoritative account of that international body with which Judge Hudson has been so long and so honorably connected.

There is a natural tendency on the part of all of us to magnify the importance of the functions which we ourselves perform. Judge Hudson has not fallen a victim to this temptation. He believes sincerely in the role of international tribunals in the life of nations; but he does not exaggerate that role, and what he has to say on this subject is, indeed, of special interest. The importance of constitutional questions in our own national life, and the central role which the Supreme Court plays in our political system, induces in many Americans a faith in judicial process in international affairs which is not warranted by the facts. Even in domestic affairs, as Mr. Hudson points out, we are gradually recognizing the fact that there are certain types of controversies—the most striking example is industrial disputes—in which resort to legal principles is by no means wholly satisfactory. This is still truer in the field of international affairs where the body of the law itself is less complete than one might wish, where the habit of submitting disputes to adjudication has hardly been formed, and where, in large matters, at any rate, the temptation to resort to force or the threat of force still plays an important part. Judge Hudson does not believe that courts can solve the major political problems between nations. If a court "were expected to relieve politicians of their responsibilities, to deal with matters usually characterized as political, its authority might soon be undermined." "To say that its functions must be limited," he goes on, "is not to reduce them to insignificance; it is to preserve their significance." These wise words ought to be pondered by that part of our people who think international relations can easily be confined within the field of fixed and determined law.

The second of the books under review is of a wider character. It deals with the various forms of international organization that came into being in the period between the two World Wars. Each of its sixteen chapters is written by a specialist, and the total effect is really quite impressive. It is easy to forget, in our present relapse into international anarchy, the progress that was made in the second and third decades of this century, and the amount of practically useful work that was done by the League of Nations, and by various organizations connected with it.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of all in this interesting book is Professor Shotwell's on "Security." No one, of course, is better qualified to write on this subject than the man who, more than any other American in the field of scholarship, has labored to make effective the collaboration of nations. What he has to say reminds us, if we have forgotten, and should point out to us if we never knew, that the greatest step toward the international organization of peace was the so-called Geneva protocol of 1924. This famous document went beyond the Covenant of the League of Nations adopted at Geneva five years before. The Covenant permitted members of the League to go to war if a dispute, once having been submitted to the Council of the League, the Council failed to make a unanimous report. It admitted the legitimacy of warlike measures only "in case of resistance to acts of aggression or when acting in agreement with the Council or the Assembly of the League of Nations in accordance with the provisions of the Covenant and the present Protocol." It provided for a method of procedure for the settlement of every dispute. It called for sanctions against an aggressor nation. And then what? A change of government occurred in England, and the protocol was abandoned for action of a more limited character. But it was and is a question whether this would have been the case if, by 1924, the United States had not dissociated itself from the political activities of the League, and had not—which was even worse—refused to give any assurances that it would acquiesce in the operation of the machinery of sanctions provided by both Covenant and Protocol.


AFTER WORLD WAR I
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS
WORLD PEACE MACHINERY
AFTER WORLD WAR 2
PULL OVER TO THE CURB!
INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS
POWER TO KEEP THE PEACE

—*From* The Christian Science Monitor

Which Kind of Speed Cop Do We Want?

There is another interesting bit of history that deserves to be remembered in Laura Puffer Morgan's discussion of the problem of disarmament. We are apt to think that the efforts to deal with this problem, efforts which reached their height in 1932 and 1933, got nowhere. But such a view is not correct. In the course of the disarmament discussions the United States advanced further than it ever had before in its attitude towards international organization. In May of 1933 President Roosevelt declared—and he was the first President to take this position—that the United States would not interfere with collective action against an aggressor. At the same time the principle of international inspection of armaments was accepted by this country. Nor were France and Germany so far apart as has sometimes been assumed. One may doubt the good faith of the Hitler régime, and one may well be pardoned for doing so. But it is none the less true that there seemed some hope of agreement on armaments in the latter part of 1933. The issues had been substantially narrowed, if not actually solved.

In other chapters of "Pioneers in World Order" one will find excellent analyses of the work of various League agencies, or of bodies operating independently in the international field. It is worth while recalling the very extensive achievements of the International Labor Office, the mitigations of

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the harshness of imperial rule connected with the operation of the mandatory system, the work done in the field of international coöperation, in the assistance of refugees, and many other matters. And in the recountal of all these activities, one finds refreshment in the evidence of the fact that there are people with a truly international outlook, people who can believe and act on the assumption that the interests of any particular nation, broadly conceived, are inevitably related to the progress of order and peace and economic life throughout the world.

THESE two books, then, perform a distinct service. But it seems worth while, in reviewing them, to call attention to the limitations which often attach themselves to American thought on international affairs. In no country is there a greater professed desire for international peace than there is in the United States. In no country is the interest in international organization greater. Yet the character of this interest often robs it of its full effect. What has been wrong in the past? What is likely to prove wrong today?

The answer to this question is, I think, not hard to find. American thinking on international affairs has been unduly neglectful of the place that force plays in international affairs, and of the practical significance of the great states in the general scheme of things. Though the Covenant of the League of Nations in part grew out of the agitation of a body calling itself the League to Enforce Peace, the problem of physical power was largely scamped at Paris, so far as the League document was concerned. The French, much maligned by the British and Americans at the time, saw more clearly than any one else. Their demand for an international force, rejected then, seems to make sense today. But the Covenant, which was largely an Anglo-American product, was very precise as to the application of economic sanctions, and very vague as to the use of military sanctions. The economic sanctions were only once applied, but when they *were* applied, in the case of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, they broke down. As Professor Shotwell observes in the article on security already mentioned, it was discovered that economic sanctions were useless unless the nations which applied them were ready to go to war if necessary to maintain them. We are likely, as Dumbarton Oaks shows, to do better this time. But, having accepted the principle of an international force for the maintenance of peace, we may very easily vitiate that principle by declining to give to the American member of the Security Council power really to commit the nation. If on every occasion where the international force has to be used, the question of using it has to be referred back to the various legislative bodies in the various states, specifically, in our case, to the Senate and the House of Representatives, the chances of effective action, if not nullified, will at least be much diminished.

Even more significant is the unity of the great powers. No institution for the prevention of war, however ingeniously devised, no document or series of documents however carefully drawn, will avail to keep the peace of the world if the great powers which are now winning this war do not remain united. We are all agreed today on the necessity of disarming Germany and Japan as a preliminary to world tranquillity. We can maintain that disarmament only in unity with Great Britain, with Russia, and with France. If we fall out with our present allies, the predatory militarisms which we have destroyed, playing one power against another, will reconstitute themselves, as German militarism reconstituted itself in the years after 1933. And if we fall out with our allies, the institutions we have reared for the preservation of peace will fail to function, and will go the way of the League which preceded them. It may be distasteful to some Americans to recognize the importance of this fact, but the fact is there, none the less.

There is still a third point which must be taken into account in any clear-sighted view of the problem of international organization. Such organization will function as it was intended to function only in a world which is not distraught economically. Peace is an economic as well as a political problem. It will depend, in the days ahead, in part on the reconstruction of European society (in which the United States can and should play an honorable and intelligent role), and in part upon the solution of the central problem of our Western order, the problem of distribuating effectively the immense resources which technology has made available to modern society. And this is not going to be easy.

We must welcome such books as those which stand at the head of this review. They deal with important subjects on which knowledge is precious, and important to our future progress. But in reading them I have again and again reflected that the significance of the institutions of peace can be exaggerated. Given the fundamental conditions, such as I have just mentioned, the institutions will grow and flourish. But if the fundamental conditions are absent, not all the wisdom in the world will endow international agencies with true vitality, or preserve them against the strains and stresses of the future.

Dexter Perkins, head of the Department of History at the University of Rochester, will be the first lecturer under the newly established American lectureship at Cambridge University, England. He was attached to the American Peace Commission at the Versailles Conference after the last war.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT AUTHORS

Miss Katherine Kane, of Derby, Connecticut, submits twenty questions about famous English and American authors. Allowing 5 points for each one correctly answered, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31. And now, what famous English or American author . . .

1. stuttered?
2. married a child?
3. admired Turner paintings?
4. fraternized with cannibals?
5. ate apple pie for breakfast?
6. rocked the cradle of the aged?
7. willed to his wife his second-best bed?
8. was remarkably beautiful as a schoolboy?
9. was described as a parson in a tye-wig?
10. desired to burn with a hard and gem-like flame?
11. strove to mend souls as well as kettles and pans?
12. was referred to as an archangel a little damaged?
13. considered gardening the purest of human pleasures?
14. was thus advised: "Fool, look in thy heart and write"?
15. began a compendium of universal knowledge at the age of seven?
16. gave the little wealth he had to build a home for fools and mad?
17. referred to the poet laureateship as the office of rat catcher to his majesty?
18. would lay down his knife and fork and take out his tablets to record a good anecdote?
19. walked in an acacia arbor and meditated after finishing a literary labor of many years?
20. in a fit of rage threw his cook out the window and then remarked, "My God, those poor violets!"?

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Where Two Civilizations Meet

TWO SOLITUDES. By Hugh MacLennan. New York: Duell, Sloane & Pearce. 1945. 370 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

CURRENTLY two Canadian novels are on best seller lists: Mazo de la Roche's "The Building of Jalna," and Gwethalyn Graham's "Earth and High Heaven." This reviewer unhesitatingly nominates a third: Hugh MacLennan's "Two Solitudes," which treats with authority and mature craftsmanship of the seemingly hopeless differences between the two major Canadian peoples, the English speaking and the French speaking or the Canadians and *Les Canadiens.*

In scope, design, and execution the MacLennan book is probably one of the most important books yet to come out of Canada—and the qualification is really pure cowardice. If there has been any more important I haven't happened to come across it and I read quite a lot. One can make that statement without casting aspersions on the other two books mentioned. Miss de la Roche's beloved tales of Jalna have dealt with a highly romanticized Canada: Miss Graham's altogether admirable study of anti-Semitism in Montreal is limited in its scope and locale. Mr. MacLennan has chosen to wrestle barehanded with the problem that is at the very core of Canada's future as a nation and has come off victorious. He has produced a work of major stature.

In any case the presence on American bookstalls of three books of such caliber by Canadians simultaneously is in itself a literary event worth noting. The Dominion has already given us our best Lincoln in Raymond Massey, Woodrow Wilson in Alexander Knox, our sweetheart in Mary Pickford, our biggest income taxpayer in Louis B. Mayer, and our favorite comedienne in Bea Lillie. The time seems to have arrived when she will give us of herself in books.

"Two Solitudes" is a very penetrating study of that part of Quebec Province where the two civilizations, Anglo-American and Latin-American, meet and fail to mingle: the Island of Montreal and the adjacent countryside. The period covered extends roughly between the two wars, to be exact from the conscription crisis of 1917 and '18 to Canada's independent declaration of war in September, 1939. The story concerns the two principal groups which contribute to the baffling dilemma of French Canada: one represented by the aristocratic Athanase Tallard and his family, whose forebears sailed up the St. Lawrence with Champlain; the other by the Methuen family of Montreal depicting the Scots-Canadian financial oligarchy which controls the economic destinies of Quebec as well as most of the rest of Canada. Linking the incompatibles together is a kind of Canadian neutral, a retired Nova Scotia sea captain, wise and tolerant, whose daughter, Janet, has married into the Methuen tribe and who buys a farm near the once seigniorial acres of Tallard to be near her.

Because the French side of the Canadian picture is by no means as simple as is generally imagined, Mr. MacLennan has equipped the elder Tallard with an ingeniously differentiated family which includes sons of two marriages, Marius and Paul, and an Irish-Canadian Catholic wife, the attractive and beddable Kathleen. The devoutly religious Marius, warped by his father's second marriage, is typical of the French Canadian youth which hates *Les Anglais,* whether they be Canadian, British, or American; Paul, of the type which is at home in either language and either culture; Kathleen, whose instincts are generous and whose perceptions sensory, of a wider human group to whom racial and political antagonisms mean very little.

Athanase himself belongs in still another class: that of the cultured French-Canadian with a European education and no business instincts whatever. He is a Member of Parliament and his library contains the works of Rousseau and Voltaire but no image of the Virgin or the Christ, a fact which sharpens a natural antagonism between himself and Father Beaubien, the parish priest. However, the inevitable clash between the two does not reach its climax until Athanase, quite inadvertently, interests one of the Methuen hierarchy, McQueen, in the river which tumbles down off the Laurentian Shield near Saint-Marc-des-Erables. McQueen decides to develop the waterpower and establish a textile factory and in the struggle that follows between Athanase and the priest both go down. Athanase first loses to the priest and then McQueen, and the priest loses to the Bishop. The falls are made to run down a tube, the factory is built, and the rural parish with its pre-conquest Norman flavor becomes one of the industrial towns which are altering the texture of Quebec life.

Obviously, Mr. MacLennan was interested in creating a structure upon which he could present almost all phases of French-Canadian life. This he has succeeded in doing with great truth and fidelity. His people are real,

Hugh MacLennan

human, and authentic. So is his Quebec landscape with its two dominating features: the great river that drains a quarter of the continent and the blue Laurentian Hills that recede north to the frozen reaches of the Arctic. Go north to the St. Lawrence tomorrow and you will find them just as Hugh MacLennan has written about them: the people and their river and their hills. Happily for Quebec's tourist industry you will find other people, too; people who manage to laugh easily and often, and who, on occasion, can be pretty good fun to be with—but Mr. MacLennan was writing about another family.

The same observations hold good for his handling of the other side of the picture, the Montreal or English-speaking side. All of it is true, although I have a feeling that when he moves into the urban atmosphere his reporting becomes somewhat more mordant and perhaps with reason. Of course, to any reader unacquainted with the Brahminism of Montreal, its recorded stuffiness, complacency, and arrogance will seem entirely unbelievable. Nevertheless, it is there. It exists—along the grey granite cavern of St. James Street and in the baronial keeps that climb the slopes of Mount Royal. Samuel Butler noted it when he wrote, "Oh, God, Oh, Montreal!" Mr. MacLennan, with his Scots-Nova Scotian background and broadening years at Oxford and Princeton, would, I suspect, be willing to trade one of Butler's "Ohs" for a "damn," and this reaction is by no means unique among sensitive Canadians. In "Earth and High Heaven," for instance, Gwethalyn Graham deals with much the same people in much the same setting and comes up with much the same picture.

But there is another Montreal, Latin, gay, congenial, the one metropolis on the continent that never stooped

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to legalize prohibition. And there are more facets to the contacts between the Canadians and *Les Canadiens* than Mr. MacLennan has depicted, and more kinds of Canadians and *Canadiens*. However, there is nothing quite so stupid in a book review, nor more infuriating to an author, than to complain because it isn't a different book. "Two Solitudes" tells a first-rate story in an accomplished and adult manner and, perhaps more importantly at the present time, presents a sincere and unprejudiced picture of Canada's great internal conflict.

For my own part, I am sorry the story does not continue further so that we might get a glimpse of the village of Saint Marcs in the present war. I would like to know what is happening among the Catholic Federation of workers, the Trades and Labor Council, the C.I.O. and C.C.F. I would like to know what has happened to Drummond's genial Habitant, Jean B'tiste, since he became something very different: the French Canadian worker. It is in that change that the developing drama of Quebec now seems to lie.

The Faces of English Soldiers

FACES IN A DUSTY PICTURE. By Gerald Kersh. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 162 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

MANY years after the battle of Valmy Goethe in his "Campaign in France" gave a brief account of what he had done and seen on that fateful day. Although the local limitations of an eighteenth century battlefield had offered him as fine an overall view as any war correspondent can ask for, Goethe's presentation was surprisingly unmilitary; its detachment and the author's own calm preoccupation with civilian affairs have puzzled readers ever since. Somewhat later Stendhal wrote his famous piece of, or rather out of, the battle of Waterloo. He broke up the battlefield panorama into a number of highly individual "shots," and succeeded superbly in re-enacting the controversial feelings of modern men engaged in man's most horrid, though most ancient, business. Tolstoy went back to the Homeric pattern of war fiction—his fighting men are primarily a part of the fighting country; only today and in witnessing Russia's total war effort do we fully understand "War and Peace." But in Western writing, the nineteenth century has produced appallingly little which can match Stendhal's trail-blazing piece—a few pages by Kipling, or a few paragraphs in some of Maupassant's stories set against the backwash scene of the Franco-Prussian War. The poor literary crop of the last war is a matter of record. Practically nothing is likely to survive except the still unfinished work of the great Polish novelist Joseph Wittlin and, perhaps, as a war book of sorts, Remarque's anti-war war novel.

The foregoing brief survey of modern battle fiction is intended to make readers feel more grateful than they generally seem to be toward the new generation of soldier novelists. Following on the heels of Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun," Mr. Kersh's little book should make us aware that, in this most difficult field of all, contemporary writing need not blush in the company of the classics. In fact, both these young authors have gone a step farther in painting credible portrayals of modern fighting man. They have both had the courage to introduce Fear as an essential element of man in battle. It is significant of the futility of such national labels as "the traditional English trend towards understatement" that the Englishman Kersh is even bolder and more brutal on that score than his American confrère:

> All night long he will ask himself: "Of what *am* I afraid? Death? . . . No! Pain? . . . No!" Pryde dreads these shadowy soliloquies; they end where they began, and start all over again: "Of *what* am I afraid?"
>
> The answer is: Nothing. Simply that he is afraid: Fear is his Familiar—it always is with him, half a pace behind him, playing with him, clawing his hair on end. All his life, Pryde has been on the run, glancing back over his shoulder. And he knows that now Fear is running shoulder-to-shoulder with him . . . and that very soon Fear will glide ahead of him and at a certain moment turn and show him its blank, stupefying face . . . And then . . .
>
> Yes: he is desperately afraid—of Fear.

Gerald Kersh

Directness and boldness have been characteristics of Mr. Kersh's writings from the very start. His has been a highly unusual career by English standards; he has at times been a baker, a night-club bouncer, and a professional wrestler. His productiveness as an author, playwright, and movie writer has been amazing. He joined the Coldstream Guard long before war broke out, and has gallantly fought in the North African campaign.

North Africa is the scene of his present book. And as in Harry Brown's novel, it is an isolated action of a small unit which makes for all there is of a story. This time it is an "impossible" task, a forced march of a Royal Archers' column across the desert and the attack of an enemy outpost—an enterprise against overwhelming odds, ordered to a hopelessly undermanned and underarmed group within the "hopeless little army" of that early stage of the Libyan war.

That march and what goes on before it, rather than the final skirmish, form the core of Mr. Kersh's novel. Flies and unbearable heat, thirst, and strafing Nazi planes produce a misery common to all. Some remain by the wayside. Those who survive overcome their plight each in his own way. One of the men has seen God Himself. Another—he has become a lord on the eve of the march—escapes into half-hearted cynicism. Others talk of their homes, their gardens, their wives, while still others merely chatter about girls they have met or, more plainly, of tarts they have slept with. And out of these casual talks Mr. Kersh builds up the faces of these English boys who, "short rather than tall," are "accustomed to living on an average of thirty-two shillings a week." They don't do much thinking on why they are in the dusty desert. Yet out of that dust and out of the haze of their feelings rises a new self-respect and, in spite of their being "sick with fear," a new strength.

Mr. Kersh has a peculiar liking for picturesque metaphors—which sometimes (as when talking of a couple of missing men who "have slipped out of the column like a handkerchief from a sleeve") adds color to his style, but at some other times leads him perilously close to ornate mannerisms. Perhaps in this present instance he wants to counterbalance the wealth of over-colloquialisms in the dialogue by that faintly precious touch in his narrative. Be that as it may, his novel belongs to the very best of its genre. No one interested in the art and the power of fiction can afford to miss it.

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Americana on the Half Shell

I AM GAZING INTO MY 8-BALL. By Earl Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 283 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ABEL GREEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Abel Green, editor of* Variety, *famed journal of the entertainment world, herewith presents a review in authentic* Variety-esque.

IF this review of Earl Wilson's "I Am Gazing Into My 8-Ball" is too gusty for the staid *Saturday Review* (to corn a cliche) don't forget that our brassy Boswell of the brasseries and brassieres is no Elsie Dinsmore. Wilson's prime pursuit is that of the *N. Y. Post's* Saloon Editor. (He treats exclusively with the Booze Who, as he puts it.)

In this anthology of the lustier, gustier, bustier things, which Wilson has ground out occupationally for the *N. Y. Post* and his syndicate, his book is 1945 Americana on the half shell. If posterity ever cares to look back to a relatively new wartime brand of American journalism it will note that Wilson, for non-pro consumption, does what *Variety* muggs, addressing what we like to think is a pretty hep bunch of showbiz readers, never dare to do. As the so-called "Bible of the Show Business," we restrict ourselves to "prostie," if it's absolutely necessary to describe a disciple of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" as part of the plot. An effeminate emcee might be referred to by a *Variety* mugg as having "soprano hips." A low comedian does a prattfall, a burley stripper tosses her torso, biz boffs in Buff . . . but Wilson is a feller like this—he comes right out with it.

Reportorially accurate is his observation that "stinks," as part of a strike story assignment, was daring eight years ago, but we all know now which flatties wear falsies; what leg pads mean; which of the saloonatics patronizes establishments which advertize "we fix flats," etc.

In his screwball parking lot of characters you run into ex-prizefighters like Mister Packey O'Gatty, masseur to Miss Billie Boze, and assorted ex-Mrs. Tommy Manvilles who wear only towels when they're masseused—i. e., the beauts not the pugs. (Which reminds me of the chorus girl who introduces herself to her new dressing roommate, "I'm Mrs. Tommy Manville, aren't you?").

And so, to continue, Wilson's barroom parlance of today may yet become the parlor conversation of tomorrow—if it's not that way already. Frank measurements of busts (Carole Landis, Grace Moore, Lana Turner, 'Annie-Pie' Sheridan, Choo Choo Johnson, Lenore Lemmon) and "educated" derrières, a la Diosa Costello of the Latin-American niteries; discourses on whether Tallulah Bankhead wears panties; Jules Brulatour's untoward prattfall in a conga-type bistro; rhinestone dancers who wear their jeweled adornments while on cafe floor navel maneuvers; Elinor Troy's naivete which pays off like Dun & Bradstreet; why Boyer doesn't wear his toupee; vicarious "interviews" with the Duke and Duchess, Garbo, *et al.*, are all part of Wilson's passing show. (Why Boyer doesn't wear his toupee in public may have included a footnote why Jessel has several version of the "rug," with more or less hirsute adornment. We can't refrain from punctuating our fave about putting salt on the false thatch to make it look like dandruff).

Wilson is a skilled craftsman and his style is amusing and sometimes biting, although, in the main, kindly because the characters require little accentuation of their negative aspects. In this respect Wilson differs from H. Allen Smith's more devastating commentaries on contemporaneous fads and foibles. Smith, Mel Heimer, and Maurice Zolotow are of one pattern. Wilson is more factual, too, as in his reportage of phonetics, whether it is Wallis Windsor's British drawl, the Schnozzle's Greenpernt accent or Gregory Ratoff's "Rawshun" brogue.

Never wishing to wax wise at his victim's expense, it seems that his subjects foil for Wilson in as surefire a manner as does Frank Fay's mythical lapine. Thus, playing perfectly straight for his comedic typewriter are Tallulah Bankhead who took the pledge for the duration, stating that above all she misses her mint juleps ("I'm Southern, you know!"), but from there she tells all, whether or not she wore panties while filming "Lifeboat" for 20th Century-Fox. The chapter anent the insulting bonifaces (the customer's always wrong) embraces Mike Romanoff, Toots Shor, and (the late) Jack White. It virtually writes itself. Only lacking is our favorite wheeze about the customer at 21 who asked for the $2 dinner and the waiter inquired, "Yes, sir, how do you like it, sir—on white or rye?"

The Kellogg's Cafeteria cast of corny characters vie only with the Metropera claque king; Harry Richman's passionate worshiper-from-sufficiently-not-afar; Queenie Markowitz of The Bronx, and, of course, the omnipotent Broadway Rose who gets into everybody's hair.

Among newspapermen, on and off the so-called Broadway beat, Earl Wilson enjoys a double affection because he's a reporter who is expert at his craft, and entertaining always because he's different. That about answers his compendium of screwballiana, as assembled in "I Am Gazing Into My 8-Ball," so far as the reader will be concerned.

In the gemuetlich pre-war era, the popular European conception of America was a cross between Chicago gangsters and cowboys-and-Indians, as witness those bizarre bistros of a happier day, to wit, the Club Arizona in Budapest and the Wild West Room of the Haus Vaterland in pre-Hitlerian Berlin. It's comparable to the road company Apaches on the rue de Lappe, attired in Fanchon & Marco accoutrements to fit the "Mon Homme" mood music for benefit of Yank tourists. But whatever the phoneyness of the popular American conceptions of old Gallic customs and French postcards, nobody got bored. Hence nobody got mad.

Wilson, in reverse, reads like an American postcard. As such, he's diverting enough in a world where every diversion is to be welcomed. But a major thought intrudes. His "8-Ball" is certainly not for crystal-gazing by impressionable fourteen-year-olds. We hate to think of what a Campfire Girl might think about after she digests how Elinor Troy flies, Pegasus-like, on specially chartered planes from coast-to-coast just to be with Tommy Manville . . . but then, Elinor is also good to her mother. It says here.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 571)

C. MABEE:
*THE AMERICAN LEONARDO**

(THE LIFE OF SAMUEL F. B. MORSE)

In large part this is Morse's book, the record of how he felt when he ran for Mayor of New York, . . . met rival telegraphers, passed slave girls in the Charleston Battery, painted President Monroe . . . or received the bows of Napoleon Third.

*Pulitzer Prize, 1944.

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The Strange Noise of Freedom

BY GORDDEN LINK

I

THIS is the strange noise of freedom,
beating its subtle drums in the ears of a nation,
charging the battery of everybody's pulse,
leaping over city and plain and mountain and ocean
like the ghost of a million prairie fires.

Stop where you are and listen:
listen to the traffic noises and the birds
and the winds in the lonely trees and the tides on the empty beaches. . . .
listen to the wheels turning and the bells ringing and the weird
electric sounds across the world
from a thousand copper-wire spider webs
that bind the hemispheres in willing subservience
to the impatient gods of communication.

Listen to the thunder that man is making
in hope to slay the storm of war forever;
listen behind the major mood of battle to the thin
antiphony that rises surely.

Listen to the deafening but unheard rumble
ten million hearts are making because they beat
as one great heart in their one great hope
that beating in a thousand far-off foreign places
they beat a pattern to bring them home once more.

II

At home...in the subway, the many-hearted animal, the mob
presses upon itself and bruises its million ribs,
panting, groaning, shouting, striking out blindly
upon its myriad-instepped, multi-elbowed self. . . .

A hand in the small of the back and a good-natured shove
to close a door that must be curved to close,
to render portable what cannot move,
to stand five men upon one set of toes. . . .

A hand in the small of the back and a shout,
"Watch the doors . . . step lively, mister . . .
watch your step, sister."

This is the noise of freedom.

And a banker gets mad and socks a guard. . . .
"I couldn't help it, Your Honor, it got me mad. . . .
he shoved me in and I got mad and socked him."

And the Judge smiles and the court explodes in laughter
(and the guard and the banker shake hands thereafter. . . .)

This is the strange noise of freedom.

At Union Square a little man with a running nose
and a wild eye stands on a portable pulpit
waving an ancient sleeve against a smudgy sky,
shouting anathema against established order
singing the silver promise of revolution.

And the cop on the beat with his club tucked under his arm
whistles a tune he learned in Scandinavia,

This is the strange immutable noise of freedom.

III

In Marrakech, in Anzio, in Brest, in Calais,
in Tarawa, in Guam, in the Carolines, in Leyte,
replacements come by air with news and strength from home.

They are grasped by their hands, their sleeves are clutched,
they are smothered,
and questions patter their ears like eager rain:
"how are the Brooklyn Dodgers doing?"
"where will the pennant go this year?"
"does Louis still make those double hamburgers?"
"how's the beer?"
"are the skirts getting shorter?"
"how are the grinds and the bumps at the Gaiety?"
"what's it like to lie for an hour in a white tub full of hot water?"
"what's it like to walk down Broadway . . . down Main Street . . . down Hick's Crossing?"
"what's it like on any street?"
"what's it like at home?"

This is the Babel that free men make, this is the noise of freedom.

IV

They walk into battle with a strange wild music in their heads,
they walk into battle from New York, from New Haven, from New Rochelle, from New London,
from San Diego, San Francisco, San Antonio, from Santa Cruz, from Santa Fe,
from all the new world towns with old world names across three thousand miles,
they walk into battle with the hot winds of victory blowing through their hair.

They march and they run and they creep into battle through forests
where the tall trees fall screaming in flames,
over beaches where sheets of molten metal sever the waves of cold gray sea,
over mottled mountains and pock-marked deserts, through mud and ice and swamp
where the skies hurtle down in frightening red-hot pieces
and the earth raises bitter flowers of explosion.

And they fall with the high winds blowing about them,
with their spines afire and a mad music in their ears.

The strange noise of freedom sounding in their ears.

V

In Paris Sherman tanks rolled through the Arc de Triomphe
bearing a motley burden of tired troops and laughing girls
and hungry children and wine and roses and liberty.

Some were there who spared ironic smile to note that these symbolic juggernauts
were named after the man who, fighting to free a nation,
laid half of it waste, broke half its heart.

But Frenchmen wept aloud and danced and sang
and this was freedom's song.

Then for a curious moment as the flags went by
Paris was still. As the flags went through the arch
no word was said, no shout was raised,
no horn was blown and no child cried.

And this was the noise of freedom.

VI

A plug of cottonwool stuffing the tired ear
can be a way of life, can grow to be a soft
insidious bond that holds the spirit down,
that ties the soul to earth a shivering craven.

And freedom to pull it out and throw the thing away
can be a dreamed of freedom,
tangible and cherished and far more real
than any other freedom ever known.

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When the day arrives that no more cottonwool
need be plugged into unwilling ears to keep
the cannons and the sirens out,
the sudden longed-for stillness in the world
may be the loudest noise of freedom ever heard.

VII

After a thousand days of war a million men
have found their ways once more to the million homes
that they were fighting for and now they know
a painful pride in home and love and liberty
that once they took for granted like the air and skies
and stars.

They walk their olden, newly-savored ways,
they go to work on trains and buses,
they point toward home at five o'clock
and they read and rest and play and vote.

A man who lived in foxholes for the right
makes a little ritual of voting.

The swish of a curtain as he locks himself secure within a
polling booth
and raises the little lever that balances the fate of the
world,
the moment's hush before he pulls the lever down,
when he probes his mind once more,
the mesh of cerebral gears the while he poises
upon the precipice of ultimate decision,
and then the sudden falling motion as the die is cast
and the ballot with it. . . .

These combine to make the curious noise of freedom.

VIII

Wherever presses roll and newsboys shout,
wherever men in jail can get bailed out,
wherever on a corner in any town
three men can meet and shout each other down,
this is the noise of freedom in the ears.

And this is the noise of freedom in the heart:
when a man and wife stand over a map and view it
and say, "We'll stick a pin in it and then we'll start
wherever we find the pin" . . . and then they do it!

The pin makes infinitesimal sound to plumb the chart
at any given point—Atlanta as it happens—
but this is the noise of freedom . . . for they go,
making a glad invasion down Peachtree Road.

And next year, maybe, they'll go to New Orleans,
or Hollywood even, or maybe even Paris!

And they'll leave a note for the milkman on the porch
and the sound it makes as he pulls the note
out of the empty bottle and reads it smiling
and the early morning tune that he hums in his throat
and his steps on the walk as he leaps back to the wagon
and the surreptitious crinkle the curtain makes
when their next-door neighbor peeps out to make certain
that they have really gone . . . these make a mighty
sound.

These will make a noise on the records of history.

Listen, the strange pervading noise of freedom!

The Compulsion of Sisyphus

By Theodore Spencer

I HEAR you laughing, laughing; I hear you
Damn you, I hear you! Where are you? Who are you?
I hear you, and hearing—not fearing—dare you!

"Shove that stone; push that stone;
Up, up, past the buzzard tree.
It's only a three-mile push. Push!
At the second mile there's a cactus bush;
At the top of the hill the sun shines free.
Push, Sisyphus, push and groan;
It's a rollable stone, your own stone;
Up, Sisyphus! Dig in your toes;
Up, Sisyphus, up it goes!
One more push and the sun is yours,
The immortal sun, immortal hours;
The top is a yard, a foot, away;
Look! there's day; immortal day!
Look up! Look up!"
And he looked up;
His toes relaxed as he looked up;
He let his pushing muscles stop,
And the stone stopped at that stop
When it was almost, almost up—
Then knowing the will to push gone
That gravitied stone came into its own,
Feeling its weight and not his will,
A second it stopped; then down the hill
Faster and faster down the hill,
Down past the cactus and the buzzard tree,
Dusting a groove down the three-mile hill,
Down on a dusty downward spree
The stone to the bottom rolled: was still.

And Sisyphus scampered after it,
Frantic and dusty, to the bottom pit,
Back past cactus and buzzard tree,
Back down the groove as dusty as he,
Beard and teeth sandy with dust,
His tough old legs obeying a *must*
That made the job of pushing a stone
As much his own as his eyes were his own,
Down he went in a terrible rush,
Down to that stone that he must push
Past buzzard tree and cactus bush
Up again; up, up again,
Up toward immortal sun again,
Up from the bottom to the sun again.

I hear you laughing, laughing; I hear you.
Damn you, I hear you! Who are you? Where are you?
I hear you, and hearing—not fearing—dare you!

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS ANEW

IT is safe to say that ten or fifteen years ago Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," written in 1891, would not have been considered by any American motion-picture house for the screen. Albert Lewin, the producer who was responsible for "The Moon and Sixpence," had kept it in mind for almost that length of time, and after years of persistence finally gained his point. But time as well as the intensified search for picture material was fighting for Mr. Lewin's idea.

During the last decade the current of fad or fashion has been swinging toward Victorianism. It is sometimes horribly apparent in the antique shops where the worst atrocities of the old Queen's last years, from uncomfortable sofas to circular lamps on alabaster and brass bases, have been raked out of garrets to sell for high prices. Though, to be sure, the carved rosewood and mahogany have been painted mauve or pink, and the frayed horsehair replaced by cretonne or striped rayon. Restaurants, luxurious livingrooms, and bedrooms have now the upholstered and luxurious confusion of fifty years ago. Today, the chignon and the pompadour give to many young women's heads an appearance that would not be unfamiliar to the ladies and gentlemen attending the Philadelphia Centennial or Windsor Castle. What at first appeared to be merely quaint and charming now wears a nostalgic air as if we were returning after an adventurous voyage to an old house that was familiar and solidly comfortable.

These sudden transformations of fashion are not as baseless as they may seem. The discovery of "modern" furniture, cubicle houses with plate glass livingrooms and cubic furniture to match, in which every bed is only a couch, represented an attempt to create new backgrounds for a new age which was being adventurously explored by many artists who had withdrawn from art and by writers who were dynamiting the past. Is it possible that we are inwardly frightened today by the prospect of the still newer age into which the end of the war will plunge us, that we feel that, if our heads are to be in the clouds, our feet must stand on solid earth or at least on a good Victorian carpet?

It is true that the writers after the last war, and indeed before it, were engaged in tearing down a world that we felt was stifling us. It was a splendid work of devastation, but it was accompanied by critical Cassandras who said that some day we would have to build on top of the wreckage, find wide rooms for new beliefs and solid altars for new idols.

The startling appearance of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" on the screen is only one sign of the direction in which we are swinging. History progresses in a rising spiral, but in its slow upward revolution it is attracted magnetically by the near past toward which it constantly circles; as it is illuminated by the future into which it is ascending. Our lives lie balanced between the stanzas at the beginning and end of Shelley's "A New World":

"The World's Great age begins anew,
The Golden Age returns." . . .
and
"The World is weary of the past;
Oh, might it die or rest at last."

We cannot, nor would anyone wish us to, return spiritually or mentally to that "great age" that was named for a great queen. But it is safe to say that we will borrow from it, that our drama, our art, and our literature need some of its virtues and its concepts that were so obviously satisfactory for so long a time. We want most of all its sense of stability that Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" shows in the period he embalmed, and so successfully that it still has today all of the color and motion of life. We need its sense of security and of the long-continued peace that we can hope may never be broken. We need its sense of the dramatic. The Victorian's house, for all its outward stuffiness, was a home in every sense of the word, and it resembled as little as possible the Arab nomad's tent or the trailer of the wandering American. It was not only his castle, the secure scene of his private life, but it was his theatre in which he had domesticated his drama.

For a long time our writers have given the Victorian's inner life a macabre touch; his wife they turned into a female monster who maimed or devoured her children; his female relatives plotted his downfall day after day while he was virtuously engaged in earning a living for all of them. O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" is one of the best examples of this type of exaggeration and calumny, with its women who are like poisonous black-widow spiders. No, we do not want that kind of home back again, or the women in it, if indeed they ever existed outside of our imaginations. But we should like to have some Victorian drama in our houses, too, even if most of it is drawingroom comedy, accompanied perhaps by manners and good conversation, or a little wit, if that is not asking too much. The two major Victorian gods were respectability and sin, it has been said, and the lives of our forefathers swung between their need for the first and their horrified fascination by the second. Without dramatic opposites in our daily lives, art, literature, and the drama finally wither on the branch for the lack of seed or soil to nourish them.

We do not want the Victorian novel back again with its long, dreary chapters, its flight from reality, its oversentimentality, though we can use and develop its powerful dramatic impulses. We could do with a Carlyle, a Landor, a Rossetti, or a Trollope. We certainly can do without an Oscar Wilde whose fable of good and evil, now so strangely adapted by the movies, is a kind of glorified parable of the close of a magnificent era and also a sign pointing toward the future.

H. S.

At Parting

By Lewis Mumford

MY son is dead. If I am sage
I'll follow on his pilgrimage.

He loved life well while life was free:
Safety he spurned, or bended knee.

His was the task of lonely scout,
To spot the foe or smoke him out.

Death kept him silent company:
Dark tutor of maturity.

The fear of God stood by him then:
He learned to love his fellow men.

"We live by helping one another:
In combat every man is brother."

So, long before his work was done,
He was the father, I the son.

Now he lives on: in action sage.
His was the perfect pilgrimage.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Living with Death

France,
4 February, 1945.

SIR: I read with interest and increasing hope for the future your educational issue of September 16. Perhaps I am a bit late with my comment, but overseas mail service being what it is, I received the issue today instead of several months ago.

Professor Carmen writes of the men returning from war: "They will be men matured by the experience of war, men who will have suffered and thought deeply about the meaning of life and death and democratic society."

I doubt that war matures men. It is a strictly regulated life in which most of one's thinking is done by "higher headquarters." Seldom does a "doughboy" know what he is attacking, what the plan of attack is, or why he is fighting. All he knows is that his squad is to take and hold "such and such piece of high ground"; all the platoon leader knows is that he is to organize a certain area and hold it;—and so on up through companies and battalions.

Thus life in foxholes does not mature mentally or physically. Most of a soldier's time is spent trying to get warm, dry, and heat his cold rations.

Moreover, he is part of a mass of individuals and because he must live and fight with them, he must sink to their level, assuming he is above it to start with. Mass living does not mature one mentally; it is occupied in its mental realm (if it can be called mental) with sex (on the seamy side), food and sex. Fear does not mature men mentally or emotionally. Occasionally a "weak" becomes strong, a man without self-confidence gains it. But on the whole, and I admit this as a very general generalization, combat breaks men down at least as far as maturity is concerned.

The suffering which Professor Carmen refers to is real—it is hell: but it is *not* mental suffering. The only mental suffering comes from 1. fear of the impending conflict; 2. fear that one will not be equal to it, and 3. above all suffering from boredom. You are too cold, tired, or hungry to think; yet there is nothing to do. You sit about blank-eyed, clean your rifle, read your mail which means less and less to you as time passes, or you worry—not about anything particular just in general. The *real* suffering is *physical.*

Sleeping in wet holes in the ground night and day—not even daring to stand up and walk about, eating cold canned rations—not daring to make a fire to heat them or keep warm by. And wet—soaked through, and no chance to get dry clothes. Men do not think deeply when they are miserable—physically miserable—. They do not think about the "meaning of life and death." In fact, soldiers think as little as possible about life and death—particularly the latter.

"We never had weather like this under Harding."

Death is an everyday thing hereabouts—we pass dead Jerries everyday and don't bat an eyelash: we are glad he's dead. Now he can't kill ME. We only wonder if perhaps he carried a luger pistol or a P-38 (pistol) which makes a nice souvenir. Yes, and we pass dead G.I.'s too, everyday—and we all feel the same sentiment: "Tough luck"; he died because he was in the wrong place—because someone had said: "Your squad goes here"—on the whole he did as deep thinking on the subject of democracy or democratic society.

Soldiers do not have time or energy for deep thinking on any subject. They are glad to exist from day to day—the only future which they see is "Home"—someday. And *home* does not mean American democracy except in a very remote way. It means particular home—their home, their mother or wife, their little world.

And so, to close this overlong dissertation on front line life, you must start teaching further back than you plan. You must teach soldiers that they control the future—*or can* control it; for most of them believe that politicos, impelled by self-interest alone, control the future. You must plan an education against cynicism—or even worse against indifference. You must educate against an "I've done my part, now leave me alone" attitude. You must try to learn what army life is.

This is a *very* difficult thing to do; you almost have to live it to understand it.

Nevertheless it is worth a better try than Professor Carmen has given it. And when you to find out what war is about don't go to the Air Corps, for in spite of hazardous missions and hairbreadth escapes, they do not know what war is. They fly a mission and go back perhaps to England or Eastern France to a warm room, a movie, and a bed. Go to the front lines if you want to see your post-war educational problem. Go where the war is a living HELL—not for an hour or a day, but day after day, month after month. Go where men pray for a wound (not too bad, of course) to relieve them of this suffering, of this waking damnation. That is your educational problem after the war.

In closing let me say that, though *SRL* may be erratic in its arrivals, it is always welcome and read whenever I get a chance. It is one of the few contacts which remain of my former life. Professor Carmen will have to forgive the scratchy errors of this letter—it is being written in a stable with only a kerosene lamp for lighting.

Sincerely,
T/SGT. LEONARD B. MEYER,
Columbia University, '40.

P.S. There is one thing which does give one a real spiritual lift in combat: that is to be scared—trembling scared and to attack and do your job well: to meet fear and conquer it. That is indeed a mental conquest.

Mrs. Kingsley on Mr. Rose

SIR: After smouldering for a month since seeing Billy Rose's show, "The Seven Lively Arts," I simply must flare up, and I choose you as the victim, knowing your interest in all arts.

A young friend of mine managed

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some months in advance to get two tickets for the show, which she gave me as a surprise Xmas gift; for she had heard me rave over Markova's classical dancing in the Russian Ballet, and over the fascinating rhythms in Benny Goodman's sextette, when I had previously heard them. Markova and Benny Goodman were among the featured attractions of this show. Our seats were in the fourth row mezzanine, matinee prices.

We sat through twenty-two so-called "Scenes," bored beyond expression at the inanities abounding throughout, and boiling over with wrath at the prodigal extravagance displayed in these tragic world days. Just about three scenes seemed to us to be worth even a smile. One Doc Rockwell, supposed to be the "Audience" in introducing each number with a painful artificial twang, might just as well have been a dumb show as far as our understanding him was concerned. One Bert Lahr, cracked up as a famous comedian, convulsed the giggling audience, but we failed to fathom why. And Beatrice Lillie, whom we had once enjoyed in a comedy of manners, seemed to spend her time in walking on and off the stage to no purpose that we could discern except to show off her gowns. The whole was a display of lavish costumes and glittering decorations that would have put Cleopatra's court to rout.

To give you two samples representatives of the whole show: An ordinary voice holds the centre of the stage in a song "Is it the Girl or the Gown?" while twelve selected maidens in pastel evening dresses revolved about the singer making sure that no portion of each bare back should escape notice. And Billy Rose in an "Extra" shouted by a newsboy through the streets of New York, buys the Met. in order to put on three choruses from as many respective operas by huge casts in breath-taking resplendence. Benny Goodman and his players must have felt like fools in their bespangled costumes as a very exotic part of one of these choruses.

Now—How did Billy Rose come by such extravagantly made stage properties in these days? Who allowed the workers to squander so much valuable time in the making of the hundreds of such costumes in the show? Do the actors in the show feel no remorse at such a woeful waste of their time and that of the audience to no understandable purpose? And, if such a show fills an ordinary American with consternation and despair amounting almost to heartbreak, what impression must it make on listeners from our Allied countries as a sample of America when our Boys are giving their lives abroad to save it? Have we lost all sense of decency, I wonder?

ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.
New York, N. Y.

The Quibbling Art

SIR:

Egad, they quibble over anything
Determinedly as if each ought to be wise
In everything; and this perhaps applies
To *SRL* although it may not bring
Oracular results of any kind
Regarding space for more authoritive
Informing matter. Four and four might give
A better product from the realm of mind
Luxurious in riches—wit and sense—
For reader entertainment. Certainly
Life is too brief for such monotony
As altercations over self-defense
Concerned with foibles? Charging contra-lies
Kindles distrust—*each in the other's eyes?*

IRMA KARPAR.
Middlefield, Ohio.

Confession of Error

SIR: Robert Pick's "Strictly Personal" tribute to Romain Rolland and especially, though in a minor way, the editor's footnote about Benjamin Franklin, prompt me to call to the attention of the *SRL* an equally famous conversion to the importance of realism in the conquest of ideal brotherhood.

I am referring to the confession of error by the *parnassien* Armand Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907), so undeservedly forgotten by even the French public, and neglected by the university professors. It was a proud moment for me when I was privileged to meet him.

This great humanitarian, after the Franco-Prussian War, voiced his repentance in many places, but nowhere so succinctly and so honestly as in his poem "Repentir":

. . . . . .
Je m'écriais avec Schiller:
Je suis un citoyen du monde;
En tous lieux où la vie abonde,
Le sol m'est doux et l'homme cher!
. . . . . .
Mon ennemi, c'est le méchant,
Mon drapeau, l'azur de mon rêve!
. . . . . .
De mes tendresses détournées
Je me suis enfin repenti.
. . . . . .

WILLIAM MILWITZKY,
Pres. Nat'l Federation of Modern Language Teachers.
Newark, N. J.

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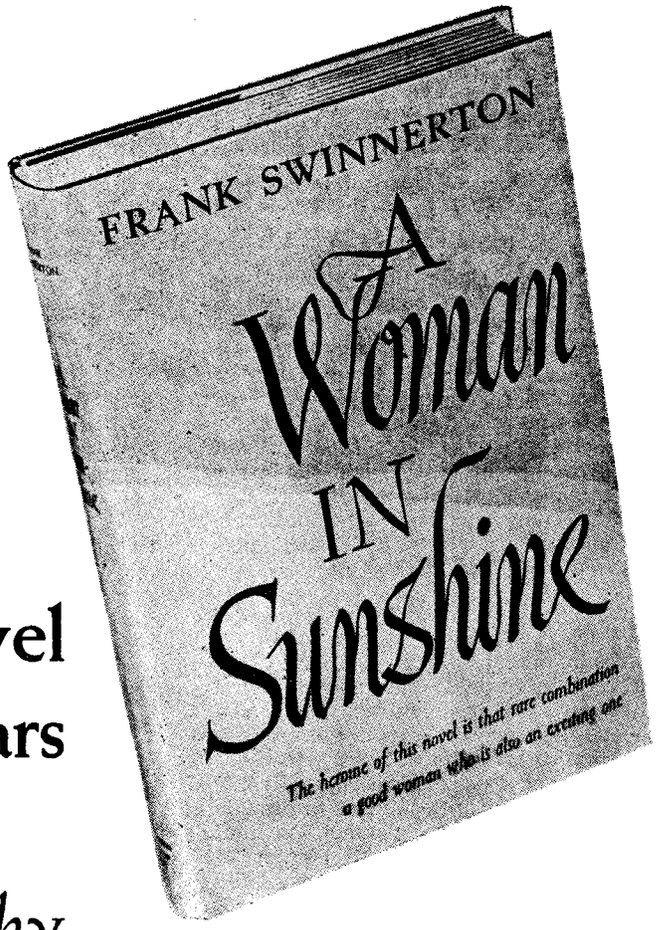
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—*John Brophy*

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"The story centers on her relations to her family, and to an actress whose malicious, secretive, amusing husband is earnestly in love with Laetitia. It is beautifully proportioned, and written confidently in a flashing, allusive, witty style . . . a novel—classic in form—but warm with a deep understanding of human nature, and so wise that to read it is to acquire a valuable extension of education even while one is being entertained."

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

From Bellows and Company:

A friend of ours who knows and appreciates his wines has been doing special Army work in Assam. There are just two types of liquor out there—both local products. Two slugs of either will floor you and give you a breath that would kill a water buffalo. They taste exactly like varnish. In fact, this friend had one drink the other morning and earned a terrific dressing down from a colonel who declared, "Young man, you are under the influence of lacquer."

From Ronald Hobbs, of Farrar and Rinehart:

Your parcel of "prepositionitis" in a recent Trade Winds calls to mind a couple of conjunctives. Have you heard the story of the owner of an English inn called "The Bell and Whistle"? The owner was dissatisfied with his sign and called in a painter to provide a larger and flossier version. As final instructions he asked the painter to please be sure that there was "the same space between THE BELL and AND and AND and THE WHISTLE." A particularly fancy item orally.

From Ted Robinson, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

In a January issue of *SRL* (13th or 20th, I forget which) I had a little piece entitled "The Buckeye Reader" in which I took occasion to state my positive conviction that Cleveland is *not* in "the Middle West." And in that same issue, in the section where authors were identified, my sole description was "Ted Robinson is the dean of Midwestern critics." Was that a gentle contradiction!

From Laura Barrett Lake:

Your paragraph about the musician married to a painfully ugly woman reminds me of this one, admittedly quite hoary:

> A man had had great difficulty deciding whether to marry a beautiful woman who was unfortunately stupid, or somewhat of a hag with a beautiful voice. He decided on the latter. The morning after their nuptials he woke up, took one look at his bride, nudged her, and shrieked, "For God's sake, SING."

From Phelps Soule, of the University of Pennsylvania Press:

One of our authors, who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of losing his union card in the American Association of University Professors, has sent me the enclosed. I am passing it along to you in the hope that it may amuse the customers.

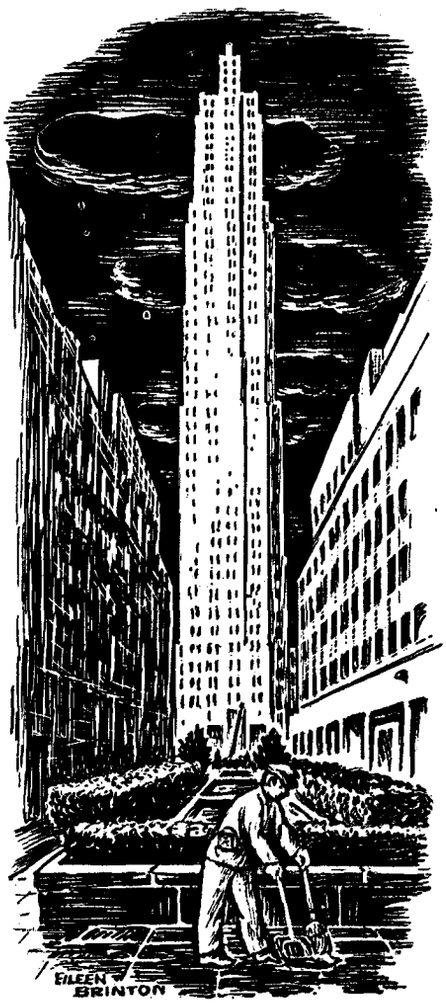
AUTHOR TO PUBLISHER

We've argued about royalties, we've quarreled over proof,
You soaked me for corrections till I had to raise the roof,
But your sins shall be forgiven, and we'll dwell in sweet accord,
If the book is banned in Boston by the
Watch and Ward.

When we come to advertising, my requirements are few,
A page in *Times* and *Tribune* and *The Saturday Review,*
And to make it a best seller for our mutual reward,
Have it placed upon the blacklist of the
Watch and Ward.

Set the scene upon the Common, with the agent and his crew,
And the usual reporters, a photographer or two;
I'll be posing in the foreground, looking casual and bored,
As becomes a grateful patient of the
Watch and Ward.

Like messengers of Porsena, the news will travel round
And orders will come piling in from Maine to Puget Sound;



A movie will enrich me, and a play upon the board
Through the kind coöperation of the
Watch and Ward.

From Lippincott's sprightly publicity counsel:

While he was working on the manuscript of "Coming, Major!" in Chicago, Weldon Melick, co-author with Ezra Stone of this story of Army theatricals, inquired at the Union Station newsstand for two humor magazines, *Stag* and *Swank.* "I'll see if we have them," the girl said, and yelled across Union Station, "Hey, Moe, do we have *Swag* and *Stank*?"

From Craig Rice, ace detective story concocter:

I'm having a lot of trouble about Sex.

When my very first book was published, Simon and Schuster stressed, in the jacket copy, that I was not only a female, but the mother of three children, whose hobby was tatting baby caps for pregnant friends. (I don't think that is exactly the way they phrased it, but that's the idea.) Subsequent books carried the same kind of copy. And yet—incidents occur. Such as:

I was standing by the book-stand in the Grand Central Station, waiting to grab an armful of reading matter to occupy me en route to Chicago. A very testy businessman was buying a couple of mystery stories to read on the train. He indignantly flung down the current Agatha Christie, the latest Mignon Eberhart, and the new Dorothy Cameron Disney, and finally told the harassed clerk "I never read mysteries by women writers." He left with a book by Leslie Ford, and one by Craig Rice.

A beautiful blonde walked into a Pasadena bookstore and bought a copy of "Having Wonderful Crime." The clerk, with an eye to selling more books, remarked that Craig Rice was now living in the Los Angeles area. (Hometown girl writes book.) Whereupon this blonde said, "Oh, Mr. Rice is a great friend of mine. A wonderful guy! What a sport! You just ought to know about the week-end I spent with him at Arrowhead!"

That kind of incident I can forgive. But—in Mr. John Mason Brown's first article for *SRL*, he got into a bad tangle about bobby-soxers and sweater-wearers. I sent him an indignant postcard. He sent back a charming note, admitting he did have his sexes mixed. But—he sent it to *Mr.* Craig Rice.

And, a WAC has written me asking for an autographed picture.

Don't people ever read the jacket copy of books?

Dear Mr. Bennett (substituting for Dorothy Dix) Cerf, do you think I ought to change my name to Craigiana?

From Hazel Duncan of the General Printing Company:

Stop ME if this story is old to you, but I thought it good when Laurette Taylor told it yesterday at the Cordon

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"Damn good sermon this morning!"

Club at a tea in honor of the cast of "The Glass Menagerie," which is making Chicago sit up and applaud:

Two London charwomen who lived together found they couldn't trust each other when it came to their severely rationed portions of teaballs and sugar, and the time came when each of them found it necessary to carry these precious items about with her, the most convenient place being, of course, inside her dress. One of the women, returning one day from work, found a lonesome sailor on the street and invited him up for tea. After fishing around down her neck a while she produced some tea balls, and asked him how many he took. "One, please," he said, so she put them in the two cups of boiling water, saying, "One for you and two for me." Then she asked him how much sugar he took, and he replied one, so she searched some more and found three lumps of sugar and put them in the cups of tea, saying, "One for you and two for me." By this time, the quantities of tea and sugar had become very lumpy in spots, and she put her hand down her neck a third time to smooth things out. The sailor boy looked alarmed. "No cream, please," he said hastily.

From Herman Rosenthal, of Central Park West:

I should like to help both you and Mr. Simeon Strunsky solve a very annoying and perplexing problem. Picking a taxicab in the dark has become quite a feat. I have been planning for many moons to write to the foremost cab manufacturers to suggest that the decorative ornaments placed on top of the bodies, useless today except to gather a lot of filth, be connected by wire with the meters. Thus, as soon as a flag was dropped, a blue light would go on in the sign atop the cab, and people a full block away would know that it was occupied. What's so difficult in a notion like that?

From a recent news-letter of the famous Foyle's Bookshop on Charing Cross Road:

The most unusual order received this month was from a booklover in Clapham, who was seeking a book on "How to Poison Your Wife Without Being Found Out." Another person wanted Keats's "Ode to Florence Nightingale." One gentleman demanded Wordsworth's "Ode to Immorality." When we told him it was "immortality," he said, "In that case, never mind," and left the shop.

From Irwin Edman, the following lines, entitled "To B.C., on Receipt from Him of Clippings from Sundry Out-of-Town Newspapers":

Thank you for spreading wide my fame
In places ignorant of my name.
Now I am known, I do declare
The length and breadth of Delaware.
My stories via you go places
Through Rhode Island's open spaces,
And like a lightning streak they run
Through the wild halls of "Twenty-One."

I who would be, were it not for you,
The Man Whose Stories No One Knew,
Except the shy retiring dubs
Who live on campuses in clubs.
Thanks, thanks to Bennett, he who passes
Wit among the well-heeled masses.

If Irwin doesn't abandon this false-modesty pose forthwith, Trade Winds will reprint the photograph of Jinx Falkenberg kissing him in the middle of the Columbia campus.

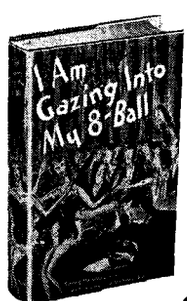
BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

"SO EARLIE TO BED!" WE CRY

HAD an interview with MRS. EARL WILSON the other night. She is the wife of I AM GAZING INTO MY 8-BALL EARL WILSON, the *N. Y. Post's* saloon editor. The interview was nipped in the Byrnes—and just as she was about to show us the scar from her operation. There she was in part of a backless, neckless, black evening dress. The dress was held up by the gorgeous shoulders, and gold chains that looked like anchors aweigh parted the front and disappeared for points unknown.

Asked her what she thought of her husband's moon-eyed ogling of other gams and gals. "EARL gets around," she said, "but hilarity begins at home. And the nice thing about life from now on is that EARL will spend the swingshift with me instead of blonde celebrities. It ought to round out my life, if you get me." We got her, but we saw we were going to lose her when a dick came in and said the place was closing. We tipped the hatcheck girl for her coat, and as MRS. WILSON was reaching to find the arms, we kissed her deftly on the snood. She murmured an aromatic thanks, and turned beaming. "It's curfew time," she said. "Now I'm going home too Earlie!"



paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

THE UNMOVING PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

"THE man who would call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one. It is the only thing he is fit for." Thus Lord Henry Wotton, at one of those many moments when, in "The Picture of Dorian Gray,"* he is ventriloquizing for Oscar Wilde. Thus Lord Henry, not in the screen version, but in the pages of Wilde's own novel. But now, since there are two "pictures" of Dorian Gray—the one Metro's, the other Wilde's—it is as impossible to disobey Hamlet's command about looking "here upon this picture, and on this," as it is to take Lord Henry's paradox seriously.

Hollywood has turned to Wilde reverently, with that hushed awe which can overtake it in the presence of what it deems to be a classic. It knows, and takes infinite pains to let us know, that it is making an experiment; that it has its courage with it. The only trouble is that its courage, however self-conscious or praiseworthy, is bound in this case to be more mouse-like than leonine.

Albert Lewin is a director and scenarist who at least recognizes the importance of being earnest. He sets solemnly about the business of being daring. Even when his daring fails, his solemnity perseveres. He approaches Wilde's novel with more incense than sensibility, and with more camera-play than candor.

From my youth in Louisville I remember an advertisement for an independent undertaker which read: "Use my couch casket, and you will never use another." That undertaker's slogan seems to have been Mr. Lewin's. His touch is less the crusader's than the embalmer's. He may not dare to bring the whole of Dorian Gray to life, but at least he lays out Dorian's remains for a state funeral . . . with all the trappings. He envelopes him in satin even when he keeps Wilde's implications uncertain.

As in Wilde's novel, Mr. Lewin's Dorian Gray is the hero of a *Yellow Book* version of Faust. Lord Henry is the Mephistopheles, and Dorian the man who sells his soul for a wish. His wish—to remain as young as the portrait painted of him in his youth —is granted. He wanders through a career of evil, youthful in appearance, while his sins and age festeringly accumulate on the portrait which he keeps shrouded as his secret in a locked room upstairs. In the film, as in the novel, it is only Dorian's death that effects the transfer, restoring youth and beauty to the portrait, and

Hurd Hatfield as Dorian Gray

to Dorian his proper age and deliquescence.

In endeavoring to bring "Dorian Gray" to the screen, Mr. Lewin has faced esthetic problems as difficult as the moral ones. The story of Dorian's degradation is easy enough to follow, no matter how slowly it may move, and regardless of the liberties taken with it here or there. Dorian's exquisite taste; the wealth that he possessed; the richness and vapidity of the well-born London world of the nineties; the bare melodrama of Dorian's living, sinning, and dying; even the glitter of Wilde's better epigrams —all of these are aspects of the novel which are not beyond realization on the screen. And Mr. Lewin has been meticulous in his struggles to make them photogenic.

He may have introduced a markedly sour note by providing the portrait painter whom Dorian must murder with a daughter with whom Dorian falls in love. She is a girl who appears first as one of those regrettable Klieg-light kidlets, and later as a stereotyped siren.

Certainly Mr. Lewin has dodged the subtleties of Wilde, the esthete, by turning Dorian's first love, Sybil, into a vacuous Music Hall singer who is supposed to inflame Dorian by chirping a Gay Nineties ballad about a yellow bird. Sybil in the novel was an actress. She was an enchanting young player of such parts as Imogene, Rosalind, and Juliet in a poor East End theatre. The reason Dorian lost interest in her, according to Wilde, was not because she was willing to be seduced, as Mr. Lewin in a purely Hollywood moment would have us believe, but because, having experienced real love herself, Sybil could no longer stoop to the pretended passion of playing Juliet.

Certainly Mr. Lewin is not reassuring when he fills the nursery in which Dorian hides his portrait with toys so cloyingly Little-Bo-Peepish that they rob childhood of its charm. Or when, as a symbolist more energetic in his symbolism than Mrs. Roosevelt is in her travels, he must have Sybil salute Dorian, not as Prince Charming, but as Sir Tristram.

Certainly, too, Mr. Lewin errs sorrowfully in taste by confronting us with the varicose virtuosity of a supposed portrait of the real Dorian, when each spectator's free imagination would have conjured a more honest and effective picture. But, however mannered and monotonously given to stunts Mr. Lewin's direction may be, it must be admitted that he has tried to remain faithful at least to those features of Wilde's novel which are adaptable both to the camera and to Will Hays.

The real trouble with "The Picture of Dorian Gray" as a film lies as much with Oscar Wilde as it does with Mr. Lewin. Wilde's novel is the kind of literary stunt one remembers much more respectfully from a youthful reading

**THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, screen play by Albert Lewin; based on the novel by Oscar Wilde; directed by Mr. Lewin; produced by Pandro S. Berman for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Donna Reed, Angela Lansbury, Peter Lawford, Lowell Gilmore, Richard Fraser, Douglas Walton. At the Capitol.*

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than from a mature re-reading. It is a novel written in three moods—as high comedy in the brilliance of its Wildean paradoxes; as melodrama when given over to its straight story-telling; and as a bit of British Baudelaire in the heavily scented overwriting of both its descriptive passages and its didactic hymns to amorality.

In these descriptive passages in particular the style is something which, in tone and quality, refuses to sit for its picture. It is a lush style; purple, if not royal purple; bizarre; full of color; and as fragrant as a bruised gardenia.

"At another time," writes Wilde, after describing Dorian's sensuous passion for tapestries and jewels, "he devoted himself entirely to music, and in a long latticed room, with a vermilion-and-gold ceiling and walls of olive-green lacquer, he used to give curious concerts, in which mad gypsies tore wild music from little zithers, or grave yellow-shawled Tunisians plucked at the strained strings of monstrous lutes, while grinning Negroes beat monotonously upon copper drums, and, crouching upon scarlet mats, slim turbaned Indians blew through long pipes of reed or brass, and charmed, or feigned to charm, great hooded snakes and horrible horned adders."

Such a paragraph, you must admit, would take the color out of Technicolor, even as it turns sense into nonsense. This verbal incense which Wilde loved to burn is something which Mr. Lewin has no other choice than to leave unlighted. The censer he goes through the motions of swinging is even emptier than Wilde's.

Quite naturally the film is more successful in its comedy scenes than when drenched in the magenta of Wilde's prose. It is at its most successful in George Sanders's admirable performance as Lord Henry. Whenever paradox rather than persuasion is on Lord Henry's lips, the fog lifts in the novel no less than in the film. These lighter interludes are interesting forecasts of the kind of dialogue with which Wilde was to brighten his plays. Occasionally, too, they include quips for which his fondness was so great that he was to repeat them wholesale.

If Mr. Lewin's emphasis is most frequently on the melodrama rather than on the gilded mosaic of the style, this too is inevitable. Perhaps he is not to be blamed for bringing the film closer to Frankenstein than to Frank Harris.

Hurd Hatfield should be relieved to hear that his Dorian Gray is not Oscar Wilde's. When Lord Henry looked at Dorian for the first time, he described him as being "wonderfully handsome, with his finely-curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair." The dissimilarities between Mr. Hatfield's Dorian and Wilde's do not end with Mr. Hatfield's being brunette, however personable. The major trouble with his performance is that he depends upon his portrait upstairs to express his emotions for him. Although he reads well, facially he is an innocent bystander.

In spite of all Mr. Lewin's efforts, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," as Wilde wrote it, remains more interesting by far than the picture, supposedly moving, which has been made from it.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Guitar Lament for a Mountain Boy

By Carl de Suze

THEY cut down the old pine tree in Tunisia
And the roar of her boughs makes eddies in the air
Though she's fallen, though she's gone, though she's gone.

The red Kentucky clay as Pappy used to say—
Soil with too much water, too much sun—
Has shuffled off the planet, and the mountain birds' song
Is stilled at the crack of a gun.

The well of lonely forest that drank the dewy night
Stands formless and shadowy and sad,
The bream never rises now at noon in the brook
One bullet in one second and that was all it took
For a world to wash away, purple hills far away
Drowned in the dust of dusty El Habad.

The bay hound's call is stifled in her throat,
The senses she quickened once are stone,
No more the long mellow light will filter through these eyes,
The sunsets, the seasons are done.

They cut down the old pine tree in Tunisia
But the roar of her boughs makes eddies in the air
Though she's fallen, though she's gone, though she's gone.

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WHATEVER YOU GAVE TO THE RED CROSS— IT WAS NOT ENOUGH

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THE WORD HARVEST OF '44

(*Continued from page 7*)

Americana, fasciana, and *un-Americana.*

A few words have developed from the more minor suffixes. From *-ess* have come *wolfess* (in the slang sexual sense) and *swineherdess.* The verb *to committee-ize* appeared when a naval officer thundered at some Negro Seabees, "Let's have no more of this conferring and committeeizing" (I. McNatt in *Politics,* June, p. 140a). Words using other suffixes are *bolshephobe, ailurophile* (a lover of cats), *collectomania, exploiterdom, bussine* (pertaining to a bus), and *Stalinoid.* The adjective *happy* has developed into a formative element, as in *saki-happy* and *heat-happy.* American soldiers abroad have coined the adjective *Stateside* to refer to things back on the American continent, as in "There was a genuine Stateside flavor to the celebration" (*Yank,* Dec. 1, p. 4c). The prefix *para-* has become active to denote something sent down by parachute: a St. Bernard so dropped is known as a *parapooch* (N. Y. *Times,* April 26, p. 5f).

The prefix *de-* has a greater currency in England than in America. A. P. Herbert carries on an unremitting war against such coinages, and he has inveighed especially against *desecretize* and *de-enemize* (*Punch,* April 19, p. 337c). He reports a civil servant as saying: "I am constantly using the word 'de-enemized.' . . . When a place like Sicily has been sufficiently cleared of the enemy to permit of the resumption of trade, we say (I am sorry to say) that the territory is 'de-enemized'." Similarly members of Parliament have discussed "dockers' decasualization" (*New Statesman and Nation,* May 13, p. 314c). In this country Ruth Welty, in *Calling All Women,* wrote: "Dehorn, declaw and deglamorize Government so that to the average power-lured male it will be a chore." The word *depoliticalize* appeared in a letter of an American soldier to Dwight Macdonald (*Politics,* Sept., p. 248b): "My twenty-seven months in uniform have so depoliticalized me I had almost forten the excitement and stimulation that association with congenial and independent minds can give." The English are using *disinvestment* to describe the sale of their overseas assets.

Certain miscellaneous new adjectives deserve recording:

BOY SCOUTLY: Mr. Churchill . . . went on his way beaming a Boy Scoutly smile. [*Punch,* June 28, p. 550a.]

CAMOUFLAGIC: Smoke, patrons, bottles, and camouflagic decorations seemed to swim around her. [Peter Opie in *Bugle Blast,* 2nd Ser., p. 36.]

FORNICATIOUS: [Chicago is] a city full of vulgar people—hard-drinking, fornicatious, malodorous, juvenile smoke-breathers. [Philip Wylie, *Night Unto Night,* p. 109.]

ROBOTIC: Hidden from visitors' eyes [in Rockefeller Center] . . . is an extraordinary set-up, chiefly robotic, that keeps the fifty-sixth city pulsing at maximum efficiency. [M. Berger in N. Y. *Times Mag.,* June 18, p. 20b.]

RUMPY: [Statement of Hugh G. Flood, aged ninety-two, haunter of the Fulton Fish Market:] Aren't they just the finest girls you ever saw, the bounciest, the rumpiest, the laughingest? [*New Yorker,* Jan. 1, p. 26c.]

TEACHER'S-PETTY: I would infer [the novel] to be monstrously trashy and teacher's-petty. [J. Agee in *Nation,* Nov. 18, p. 624b.]

The language has been enriched by further new adverbs. In his Sunday broadcast on March 19, Mayor Fiorello La Guardia used the word *mazumacally*: in castigating the loan sharks, he said that they "are mazumacally powerful too," and after the broadcast explained, "That's a Latin word." In a Chicago night club Earl Wilson interviewed Miss Marion Miller, an ecdysiast known as "the Queen of Quiver," and he reported her as thus describing her art (N. Y. *Post,* June 30, p. 13c): "I make my top part shake horizontical and my stomach and legs quiver vertical. I am the only one that quivers both vertical and horizontal." Other new adverbs are *blimpishly, trojanly,* and *yankeely.*

A number of other words have been formed by clear analogies to words already in the language. In this class are the following:

AFTERNOON-CAP, by analogy to *night-cap*: James MacDonald of the New York *Times* and I had to content ourselves with afternoon-caps of gin and lime juice. [E. Goodman in *Town & Country,* July, p. 101b.]

CALMTH, by analogy to *warmth*: She . . . recommended a bar because it had so much calmth. [R. McLaughlin in *New Yorker,* Aug. 26, p. 19c.]

LONGITUDINARIAN, by analogy to *latitudinarian*: The advanced guardist is a latitudinarian, and likewise a longitudinarian. [M. Zolotow in *Politics,* Aug., p. 217b.]

QUINTUPLE-TALK, by analogy to *double-talk*: It was like Choctaw. It was quintuple-talk, none of the quintuplets being identical. [M. Maverick in N. Y. *Times Mag.,* May 21, p. 35e.]

SEAFOODETARIAN, by analogy to *vegetarian*: He [Hugh G. Flood]

If you were

ERICA DRAKE

lovely, intelligent, passionately in love,
and the father
who had been your life-long hero
was fighting your love
with the ugliest of weapons,
for the most degrading of reasons,

what would you do?

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LIPPINCOTT

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is a diet theorist—he calls himself a seafoodetarian. [J. Mitchell in *New Yorker,* Jan. 1, p. 25a.]

SINGLE-FOOTED, by analogy to *single-handed*: Henry Cabot Lodge . . . practically single-footed kicked over the League of Nations' apple cart. [*New Yorker,* Sept. 23, p. 81a.]

It is probable that Father Divine by himself coined several hundred words in the course of the year, but only one, *sadistry,* has come to my attention. He stated that he was leaving New York City because of its "sadistry" (N. Y. *Post,* Jan. 3, p. 24d), whereas a mortal would probably have used *sadism.* Johannes Steel made a biting blend of *drool* and *drollery* in writing of "the disgusting drooleries of Congressman Rankin" (N. Y. *Post,* Feb. 8, p. 26a). *Time*'s brilliant word *smearcast,* describing a broadcast by Martin Dies on Walter Winchell (April 3, p. 45c), aroused the enthusiasm of a reader, Jerome Scheuer, who wrote in: "That word 'smearcast' . . . is the best word to come out of 1944. My admiration for the person who coined it is unbounded. If you think that attitude is extravagant, please note that words have influenced history" (April 24, p. 9a).

In a letter to the *SRL* (Feb. 5, p. 17a) Cyril Clemens quoted an editorial from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* using *dunkirk* as a verb and suggested that this "may introduce a new verb into the American language." However, this usage has been established in England for at least two years, for Robert Graves wrote in the London *Times Weekly,* Aug. 26, 1942, p. 12b: "Sir John's force 'Dunkirked' at Corunna in January, 1809."

The traditional "scarlet letter" of American history seems to have changed its identity. In the trial of Nurse Edna Hancock in Kings County, N. Y., the lawyer, Hyman Barshay, pleaded to the jury, "Erase that scarlet letter 'W' from her breast!" (N. Y. *Post,* March 3, p. 4a). An Englishman has suggested a new abbreviation, N.F.G.L., in a letter in the London *Daily Mirror* (Aug. 12, p. 3b):

> Sooner or later we shall all be taking from our lapels and dresses our "CD," "HG," "WVS"—and so on—badges. I would like to suggest we all replace them with a badge containing the letters "N. F. G. L." standing for NEVER FORGIVE GERMANY LEAGUE. This badge would insure that we kept fresh in our minds all the suffering we, and other nations, have endured at the hands of the German. . . . What do other readers think of this suggestion?—Herbert Goad, Wolmer-gardens, Edgware, Middlesex.

Finally, let us turn to a group of words that have never had any actual usage but have been merely suggested. At the Bretton Woods conference, several of the delegations had suggestions

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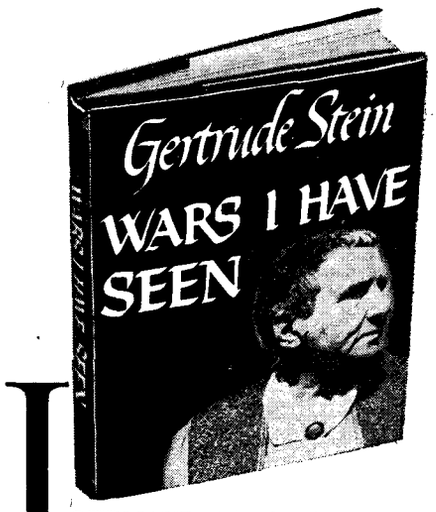

INTIMATE friends of Gertrude Stein, aware of her indomitable courage and resourcefulness, were not at all surprised when she emerged unscathed from the Nazi occupation of France, with even her Picasso collection absolutely intact, and her poodle Basket wagging his tail contentedly at her heels. But Miss Stein had had her full share of troubles and excitement in the past four years, and it is this unbelievable period that she describes in full in this most graphic and revealing of all her books.

Gertrude Stein proved in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* that, when she wants to, she can write straightforward English that any average high-school student can understand. *Wars I Have Seen,* with a few very minor aberrations, is another such book. The first half, in fact, which conveys an impression that the author was more concerned with foraging food for her dogs than with the fate of democracy, struck this publisher as all too comprehensible. Before long, however, Miss Stein very obviously was caught up in the heroic exploits of the Maquis; her sense of Olympian detachment vanished in the excitement of a battle for liberation; the coming of the Americans gave her the thrill and supreme delight of her whole crowded life.

Bear in mind that this entire book was written in longhand under the very noses of the Nazis. After they were driven out of France, Alice Toklas typed the manuscript and Frank Gervasi, who moved in with General Patch's Seventh U. S. Army, brought it back with him to America. *Wars I Have Seen* is the on-the-spot story of what the common people of France endured from 1940 to September, 1944.

PRESIDENT, RANDOM HOUSE

Gertrude Stein's
WARS I HAVE SEEN
$2.50, A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

for a name for the proposed unit of international currency (N. Y. *Times,* July 11, p. 32d). The Norwegians favored the name *demos* and the British, headed by Lord Keynes, suggested *bancor,* while Harry White, speaking for the Americans, argued in favor of *unitas.*

A reader of *Time,* F. Alexander Magoun, passed along a brilliant suggestion for the word *impert* (Jan. 10, p. 8c):

> Dr. Edward Hitschmann, who ran Sigmund Freud's clinic for over forty years . . . was recently our guest. During the conversation he coined a word which some of us feel deserves to become a permanent part of the English language. The word is "impert." An expert is one who has had sufficient experience to know what he is talking about. An impert is one who is sufficiently impertinent to think he knows without experience.

A writer in the *New Republic* (Dec. 18, p. 830b) pointed out that the time might come when Californians would have to take to the road in quest of jobs, and would be called *Callies,* to be welcomed as they themselves did the Okies and Arkies. In response to Senator McKellar's suggestion that the United States should seize England's islands in the West Indies, Lord Vansittart in the London *Daily Mail* coined the verb *to mckellar,* meaning not "to steal" but "to aspire laughingly to what does not belong to you." Such sham thievery would have the advantage, he said, that "you can mckellar your neighbor's watch, wife, or wallet without breaking the Tenth Commandment."

Readers of the *SRL* will recall Mrs. Elinor K. Evans's suggestion (May 13, p. 20b) that a new word for a factual book that uses fiction techniques would be *factale.* Professor Joshua Whatmough of Harvard expressed his disapproval, on etymological grounds, of the words *phonemic* and *phonemics,* although they are firmly established in the terminology of linguistics, and suggested in place of them *phonematic* and *phonematics* (*Classical Philology,* July, p. 211). Professor Otto Neurath, in his "Foundations of the Social Sciences," p. 17, put forward two longish words: "I suggest speaking of 'behavioristics' for the comprehensive field which includes more than 'psychology' and therefore consistently of 'behavioristicians' as representatives of such a discipline."

The words given here are but a small proportion of those that could have been collected from wider reading. But certainly these are enough to show that the fountain of verbal creation is flowing freely. Speakers of English do not regard their language as a static deposit. They believe that enrichment year by year is the normal course. Such flexibility is healthy.

Courage, Inc.

LEYTE CALLING. By Lieut. Joseph F. St. John, U.S.A. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LIEUTENANT COMMANDER GRIFFITH BAILY COALE, USNR

THE dolphin was often called a pilot fish by the old sailing ship men, because when the ship was closing with the land these fish made their graceful, effortless plunging rolls just forward of the rising and falling cutwater of the ship, leading her into port. So this little book, "Leyte Calling," will no doubt lead a shipload of books by those gallant survivors who managed to exist under the stinking yoke of the Japanese occupation of the Philippines.

Literally all around the world, I have met young Americans of the type of Lieut. Joseph St. John, who tells this story of his physical sufferings, his acute anxiety over impending death or capture, intermingled with his momentary incorporation with the black-haired girls at hand, and his longing for the blondes back home.

But St. John had a much longer and lonelier vigil with death than most men, and he did an excellent service to our arms with his radio, a gallant fight and run stand with the guerrillas against the Jap for three long years.

Howard Handleman, of the International News Service, to whom this once barefoot American guerrilla told his story, made an honest attempt to keep the character of that telling. But the lack of distilling has made it a thinly written record. There might have been a much more colorful picture drawn from St. John's warm, rugged, lonely, and callow observations.

Stepping out of a delicatessen shop in Philadelphia at fifteen dollars a week, and enlisting in the Army, St. John had become a Private 1st Class in the Air Corps when the Jap bombers struck the Philippines. Later came invasion, forcing the lonely decision which each man had to make for himself—whether or not to surrender. St. John had heard enough of Japanese atrocities, and decided that he certainly would not. He and a few others managed to sail to Leyte, a spinning voyage through whirlpools. There the defeating kindness of the impoverished Filipinos who hid, sheltered, fed, nursed, and clothed him, stirred in him a great understanding and love for these humorous, simple, and loyal Americans. But the white man is not constituted to live in that country with the natives, and the long illnesses of dysentery and malaria made the slow acclimatization a pain-

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ful and hazardous ordeal for those who survived.

Through the Filipinos' grapevine, the few free Americans got in touch with each other and formed a skeleton army, that harassed the Japs by organized guerrilla warfare. St. John was commissioned and given a radio sending set and an army of three men. From a secluded spot he passed the word of Japanese ships by radio to our submarines, which led to successful torpedoings. The Japanese (Hapons) learned his name and all about his duty, and once came within a few feet of him as he hid under a log, being slowly eaten by ants and leeches.

The economy practised by the guerrillas in killing Japs was fantastic. They never wasted a bullet. Usually it was with the sharp bolo that the Jap was neatly carved. Then they would plant short, sharpened bamboo stakes in the underbrush on either side of a narrow road, and ambush the marching Japs with a shot or two and bloodcurdling yells. The well trained troops would clear the road and throw themselves on their bellies, only to be pinned like insects to a green board, the sharp points protruding from their backs.

And so day by day, week by week, months on end, he lived protected by the people from spies, from Japs, and several times from the inevitable gangsters that prey like jackals on their helpless countrymen at such times.

Then on last September 12, high in the heavens, came the distant hum, the loudening roar, the rapidly enlarging silhouettes, as formations of the big metal birds streaked across the sky—and they were American! Every eye was aloft, every one was shouting excitedly, "When Americanos come on land?" St. John took a chance. "Before Christmas," he hazarded.

On October 20 they stood transfixed with wonder, for over the horizon of Leyte Gulf there came a vast fleet. Gradually out of distance developed weaving destroyers, plodding LST's pushing white water with their noses. Beyond, stretching across the whole gulf, were ships—transports, cruisers, battleships, an overwhelming armada blazing away. "Americans come now!" shouted St. John. "Americanos come now," shrieked the excited people. Then above the distant roar of the holocaust arose a weird, frenzied chant, arising from the beach, passing inland, filling the soft air: "Kill jap, killjap, killjap, killjap."

St. John's little sending set up in the hills—all the bravery, loyalty, and guts of the handful of free, ragged, barefooted Americans and their staunch guerrilla Filipinos—all need for this devoted help had ended.

No need now for "Leyte Calling,"—Leyte was falling.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

(*Continued from page* 8)

things for yourself, each one for himself, in a war it is comparatively easy, you are drafted you go you are with a crowd and you are all more or less of an age and you are all together and even if it hurts it is not so bad, but now these French boys have to decide each one all alone by himself which he has strength for, has he people to whom he can go, will he get there, can he be fed, and all the rest, and the winter and the mountains and will he find anyone, and if he has not gone what will happen, it is hard at nineteen and twenty for each one to decide things like that for himself. Very hard.

The monologue continues:—on the differences between this war and the last; on the death of the nineteenth century, that is happening only now in the 1940's (Germany is still trying to cling to the nineteenth century, but we are killing it dead); on Jews and industrialism (since the rise of industrialism, they have been small potatoes in the world's money markets); on the efficiency of secret service agents in peacetime and their futility in wartime (Miss Stein's knowledge of this subject may be a bit limited); on the historical role of Pétain in connection with the French armistice (Miss Stein's judgment of the old Marshal will cause many red hackles of prejudices to rise in fury, but I am willing to wager that history itself will substantiate her view); on the behavior of Germans in victory and defeat; on Hitler and the theory that he willed the destruction of Germany because he was an Austrian in his heart, just as Napoleon willed the destruction of France because he was an Italian; on unconditional surrender ("Nobody in Europe had ever heard of that, there are always conditions there have to be conditions, life in Europe is conditional . . ."); on the ending of belief in progress and evolution and peace (all nineteenth century credos, now dead or dying with the death of that century); on French productiveness in the matter of food and French recalcitrance in the matter of discipline, even when rules are backed by German bullets ("it is so difficult to make a French population realize that it is dangerous not to do as they are told, they like to do what they like and they do. As one Frenchman said to me in France a civilian is always more important than a policeman unless he happens to be a criminal, but just any civilian is always more important than just any policeman"); on eating during wartime, on eating well in wartime, on having at times almost too much of everything to eat in wartime.

The monologue goes on, and now and again the words take dancing precedence of the sense, without taking leave of sense, to the obvious delight of Miss Stein, who loves words and the sounds of words and the patterns of words, and to the delight of those who are glad that she remains true to her own literary nature while doing her utmost in the matter of honest communication. Let us, for example, read about honey:

> It's funny about honey, you always eat honey during a war, so much honey, there is no sugar, there never is sugar during a war, the first thing to disappear is sugar, after that butter, but butter can always be had but not sugar, no not sugar so during a war you always eat honey quantities of honey, really more honey than you used to eat sugar, and you find honey so much better than sugar, better in itself and better in apple sauce, in all desserts so much better and then peace is upon us and no one eats honey any more, they find it too sweet and too cloying and too heavy, it was like this in the last war '14-'18 and it is like this in this war, wars are like that, it is funny but wars are like that.

The monologue goes on, until it ends in a climax of emotional, patriotic satisfaction with the arrival of American soldiers in Belley, on the 1st of September, 1944. And as it goes on, the reader, or at least this reader, becomes increasingly sure of what he has long suspected: that the great virtue of Gertrude Stein, who is popularly known as an obscure and difficult author, is her simplicity, her amazing, utter simplicity. Few writers have ever dared to be, or have ever been able to be, as simple as she. As simple as a child, pointing straight, going straight to the heart of a subject, to its roots; pointing straight, when and where adults would take a fancier way than pointing, because they had learned not to point. Borrowing that simplicity, if only for a moment, let me say again that this is a good book, a very good book.

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CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE MAKING OF TOMORROW

(*Continued from page* 10)

tang censorship, a long attempt was made to conceal the extent of the doldrums in China but there has been too much passenger traffic between the two countries for the concealment to go on. Certainly, though, had the facts come out slowly and openly, instead of with a sudden violent rush after the censorship dam burst, the effect here would have been less startling. What emerged was a picture of the emotional let-down, the increasing power of reaction, the military incompetence, the political ineptness, and the social lethargy of current Kuomintang China, as contrasted with the energy, the progressive outlook, and the democratic vitality of the Communist areas.

This is the result of no conspiracy, no hostility to China, no subservience to Moscow and no Bolshevik bias. It is the report, not only of Mr. Forman, but of so many other Americans belonging to so many categories obviously non-Communist that it cannot be dismissed as subversive party-line doctrine. It is the report of so many knowing observers, journalistic, military, diplomatic, and missionary, that it cannot be ignored easily. It is the considered opinion of Americans who have the good of both China and the United States at heart and want, not a Red China, but a unified, progressive, democratic one with a representative coalition government. It cannot be dismissed as a plot to blacken China's good name.

It is in the light of this desire to understand modern China and not out of the insolence and insincerity that the explosive Dr. Lin attributes to those who doubt the high democratic virtues of the Kuomintang, that "Report from Red China" deserves to be read. Mr. Forman clearly has no particular political philosophy to advocate. He is merely a reporter who has a factual story to tell, and the very fact that he tells it without flourishes or any attempt to offer anything but faithful reporting makes it particularly impressive. He saw the Chinese Communists fighting the Japs; he saw them in the act of trying to build a progressive democratic state; he saw their achievements in government and productivity, and because such information coming from a land that has been rigidly blockaded for six years is source material for history his book is of the first importance.

Incidentally, not all of the interesting material in the work is about Communist China. Mr. Forman also visited the mountain citadel of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, the "model governor" of Shansi province, a veteran war lord friendly to the Kuomintang. He found it the seat of a social experiment far more radical than that of Red Yenan, and his report on it is of additional value. Among other things, the chapter on Yen Hsi-shan brings up the matter of why it should be that the Chinese Communists are not looked upon by observers as radically Red. The matter is simple and has nothing to do with either deceit or apostasy on the part of the Communists. It merely happens that, while the Kuomintang has come more and more under the influence of the reactionary landlord class, the Reds have attracted the peasants, intellectuals, and liberals of the land and have made themselves a true coalition of progressive forces.

There can be no disputing the fact that "Report from Red China" is pro-Chinese Communist. That, however, is not because it is a political tract. It is merely because it is straight and honest reporting and the facts it reports make it sympathetic to the men and women of Yenan.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Charles Lamb. Edgar Allan Poe. 3. John Ruskin. 4. Herman Melville. 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 6. Alexander Pope. 7. William Shakespeare. 8. John Milton. 9. Joseph Addison. 10. Walter Pater. 11. John Bunyan. 12. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 13. Francis Bacon. 14. Sir Philip Sidney. 15. Thomas Macaulay. 16. Jonathan Swift. 17. Thomas Gray. 18. James Boswell. 19. Edward Gibbon. 20. Walter Savage Landor.

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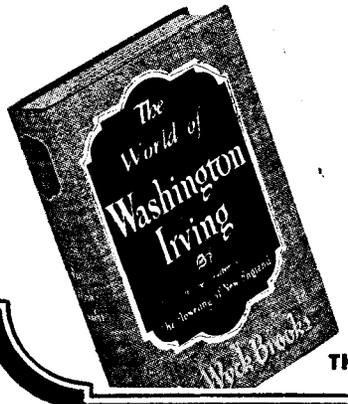

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A Book-of-the-Month Selection

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Illustration in Children's Books

MARIA CIMINO

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Gould Davis, SRL's Young People's Book Editor, has turned over this month's section to Maria Cimino, Associate Librarian of the Central Children's Room, New York Public Library.*

TWENTY-FIVE years of experimentation and growth, under the enthusiastic and creative impulsion of editors of children's books and children's librarians, have brought the illustration of juvenile literature to a high peak of development in this country. Multiple processes of printing and reproduction have made it possible to give the public beautiful drawings at a comparatively low price, and talented artists and designers, attracted by the possibilities of new media and printing technics, have given to the field some of the best of their work. These artists, many of them of European extraction, have drawn upon their own cultural backgrounds and brought an international awareness and an old art tradition to the books they created. At a time when much else in this country was bending toward isolationism, the young of our land were having their interest in foreign lands aroused by such picture books as "Miki" by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday), "The Painted Pig," with text by Elizabeth Morrow and pictures by Rene d' Harnoncourt (Knopf), and "Ola," by Ingri and Edgar Parin d' Aulaire (Doubleday, Doran).

Naturally, since we are an Anglo-Saxon nation, our culture finds its earliest roots in books printed in English. As early as 1787 Isaiah Thomas at Worcester printed the first American edition of the first book of recreational reading published for children by John Newbery in London in 1744. Last year to mark the two hundredth anniversary of the first appearance of this book, F. G. Melcher reissued a facsimile made from Isaiah Thomas's edition. The little volume, illustrated with wood-cuts, proclaims on its enjoying, amusing, and practical little pages:

> A LITTLE PRETTY POCKET-BOOK, Intended for the instruction and amusement of Little Master Tommy, and Pretty Miss Polly. With two letters from Jack the Giant-Killer; as also a ball and pincushion; the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a good boy, and Polly a good girl. To which is added, A Little Song-Book, being a new attempt to teach children the use of the English alphabet, by way of diversion. Printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas 1787.

This small book, already in its second printing, offers to boys and girls of today not only an opportunity to examine and appreciate an amusing and quaint text and illustrations, but a glimpse into past life and customs.

The nineteenth century produced illustrated books of a more vigorous nature and scope, books which today form the nucleus of every library for children. In England appeared those adorned by George Cruikshank, whose etchings illustrate the first translation of Grimm's Fairy Tales into English; Edward Lear's "Nonsense Books," John Tenniel's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through The Looking Glass," and the works of three forerunners of the modern picture book, Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, and Kate Greenaway. In America we had the characteristic drawings for "Uncle Remus," by A. B. Frost, the illustrations of Howard Pyle, whose imagination was so fired by the romances of the Middle Ages that he retold the legends of King Arthur and Robin Hood in a magnificent prose paralleled only by the masterly craftsmanship of his accompanying illustrations, and of Palmer Cox, whose Brownie books the children dub "the funny books."

The twentieth century was ushered in by the inimitable picture books of Leslie Brooke, Beatrix Potter, William Nicholson, and Lovat Fraser. Lovat Fraser's imagination, fed on the illustrations and designs of the broadsides and chap books of the eighteenth century, carried over the inspiration derived from them into the unique quality of his enchanting "Nursery Rhymes" (Knopf), unfortunately now out of print. In this era, too, belong William Nicholson's "Clever Bill" (Doubleday, Doran) and "The Pirate Twins" (Coward—McCann), which with the books of Leslie Brooke and Beatrix Potter are among the most beloved volumes of the nursery.

While England and America were advancing in the field of juvenile literature, a great deal that was noteworthy was also going on in Europe, especially in France, and thence interesting new picture books were coming to America. It is impossible in the space of a short article to do justice to the number of gifted artists who have helped create distinguished books during the past two decades. Listed below are some outstanding examples as they appeared:

"ABC Book." By C. B. Falls. Doubleday, Doran.

"Millions of Cats." By Wanda Ga'g. Coward-McCann.

"The Fairy Shoemaker." Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Macmillan.

"The White Cat and Other Old French Fairy Tales." By Mme. d'Aulnoy. Arranged by Rachel Field and drawn by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Macmillan.

"The Birthday of the Infanta." By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Macmillan.

"The Cat Who Went to Heaven." By Elizabeth Coatesworth. Pictures by Lynd Ward. Macmillan.

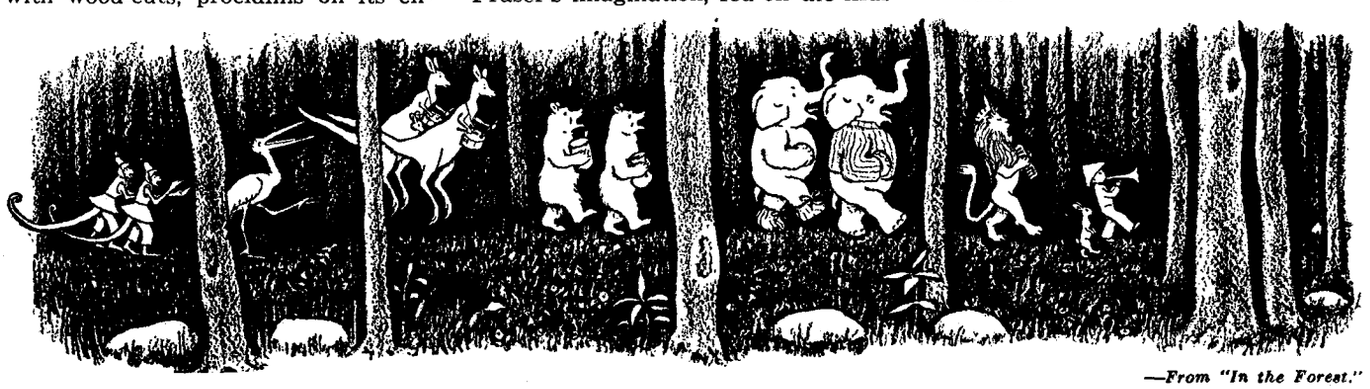
"The Painted Pig." Text by Elizabeth Morrow. Pictures by René d' Harnoncourt. Knopf.

"The Christ Child." By Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, Doran.

"A Head for Happy." By Helen Sewell. Macmillan.

"Ola." By Ingri and Edgar Parin d' Aulaire. Doubleday, Doran.

"Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain." By Edward Ardizzone. Oxford.



—From "In the Forest."

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—*From "The Fairy Shoemaker."*

"Johnny Crow's New Garden." By Leslie Brooke. Warne.
"The Golden Basket." By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking.
"And To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street." By Dr. Seuss. Vanguard.
"Mei Lee." By Thomas Handforth. Doubleday, Doran.
"The Cautious Carp." By Nicholas Radlov. Coward-McCann.
"The Five Chinese Brothers." By Claire Huchet. Bishop and Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann.
"Hide and Go Seek." By Dorothy Lathrop. Macmillan.
"Andy and The Lion." By James Daugherty. Viking.
"Locomotive." By Julian Tuwim. Drawn by Lewitt and Him. Minerva.
"Make Way for Ducklings." By Robert McCloskey. Viking.
"The Little House." Stories and Pictures by Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton Mifflin.
"Tall Book of Mother Goose." Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Harper.
"A Child's Good Night Book." By Margaret Wise Brown. With color lithographs. By Jean Charlot. William R. Scott.
"Many Moons." By James Thurber. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt, Brace.

IN THE FOREST. Story and Pictures by Marie Hall Ets. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. $1.

HERE is a picture book which speaks directly to children. It has an intuitive and imaginative quality in its illustration and text which are akin to poetry, and reveal the artist-author's understanding of the world of childhood. Charcoal drawings completely harmonious in their confirmation of the kindly humor and gaiety of the text, express its engaging quality with the simple graphic detail that little children delight to find in a picture book. It is a gentle and satisfactory book on all counts. There is a strength in the closely-knit design of the drawings and text which conveys a sense of the mystery of the forest and its animals as they appear to a small child. Its dramatic appeal is sure.

THE GREAT QUILLOW. By James Thurber. Illustrated by Doris Lee. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. $2.

A distinguished painter has provided for James Thurber's fairy tale water colors which brilliantly interpret its subtle humor and dramatic invention. There is a freshness in the French delicacy of their color and design, and a strength in the rhythm of their composition which meets the play of Thurber's imagination, and neatly realizes to the smallest detail the impact of the story's moral. The drawings suggest with remarkable clarity the atmosphere of the story, dramatizing contrasts of personalities, Quillow's quiet wit which gradually brings about the downfall of Hunder the Giant, the serenity of a toy spinning in the air after all struggle is over.

NO ROOM. By Rose Dobbs. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. $1.50.

Fritz Eichenberg is a skillful craftsman. He has the faculty of fully associating himself with the material at

—*From "Nursery Rhymes."*

hand, and by means of his untiring research and his gifts of imagination and flexibility of style conveying its import to the reader. In his drawings for "No Room" one finds a happy marriage of illustration with text. Time and place are transcended and the folk quality of the drawings emerges as a worthy accompaniment for this wise old household tale. The accumulated impact of its sly humor moves pictorially with the text. Each time the Wise Man tells the selfish old man to take another animal into his already crowded hut, Mr. Eichenberg finds room for it in a drawing designed to suggest the situation with clarity and skilful assurance. One leaves this book with satisfaction, for it has within its text and illustrations all the qualities of a fully realized work. Those who have seen the original drawings hope that in a later printing when better paper stock is available the incisive sureness of Mr. Eichenberg's line may be reproduced to better advantage.

RABBIT HILL. By Robert Lawson. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. $2.

Robert Lawson has made immortal the animals on Rabbit Hill, where he lives, by the rich texture and lively humor which endow both the story and illustrations for this beautifully designed and printed book. His own delight and appreciation of the particular flavor of the Connecticut countryside and the animals who live there, is conveyed in harmonious pages where skilful drawings supplement the vitality and amusing incident of the story. The individuality of each animal is so fully realized here that one feels one would recognize the animal wherever it might be met. Rhythmic balance between text and illustration give to the entire book a pleasing serenity and dignity.

THE ADVENTURES OF MONKEY. Adapted from the translation made from the Chinese of Wu Ch'eng-en by Arthur Waley. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. $1.75.

Ever since the publication of his first picture book, "Liang and Lo" (Doubleday, Doran), Kurt Wiese has been delighting boys and girls of all ages with his spirited drawings that are so appealing for their humor and sound interpretive quality. A knowledge of China and a regard for his subjects impart individual atmosphere to each book about China he has illustrated. One has only to turn the pages of "Liang and Lo," or Marjorie Flack's "Story about Ping" (Viking) or Claire Bishop's "Five Chinese Brothers," to find there some of the best examples of his work in color and line drawings, pictures which dramatize with ease and vitality the individual character of each story. His illustrations for "The Adventures of Monkey," inspired by the traditional folk-art of China, present the adventures of this

—*From "No Room."*

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amazing hero of Chinese folk-lore, in black and white drawings distinctive for their strength, design, and complete association with the fabulous quality of the text.

THE HORSE WHO LIVED UPSTAIRS. By Phyllis McGinley. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. $1.25.

Love and knowledge of horses and the life and activity of New York streets is communicated in the fresh and spirited water colors which dramatize the events in the life of Joey, the horse who lived upstairs. Mrs. Stone who with Phyllis McGinley makes her bow in the field of children's books is no novice in handling her medium. She has a fine sense of color, decoration, and design and uses space with freedom and ease. Her drawings here form a harmonious balance for the delightful humor, spontaneity, and color of the text.

THE CAT CLUB, OR THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JENNY LINSKY. Written and illustrated by Esther Averill. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. $1.50.

To those who know Esther Averill's work as publisher of the books illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky for the Domino Press, it is not surprising to find here in the first book she has illustrated a unit so closely knit that it is difficult to separate illustrations from text. For though Miss Averill professes to be no illustrator, she is an artist at integrating illustration with text on the printed page. She also proves herself to be a natural artist in her drawings for this original little book which have a rhythm and understanding of the character of a cat not often found in cat drawings. Her knowledge of these illusive creatures is as deep and intimate as it is of long standing. She dramatizes the character of each cat in the Cat Club by her wit and creates so effective a page as to transcend any precepts of art.

SO LONG AGO. By E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. $2.

This was E. Boyd Smith's last book before his death in 1943. It marks the end of a procession of delightful picture books begun in 1906 when "Pocahontas and Captain John Smith," his first book, appeared to be followed by some fifteen volumes which have delighted the hearts of little children by their colored drawings so full of fun, adventure, and kindly humor. "So Long Ago" is among the best in this merry company of books. Its illustrations in color and black and white are scientifically accurate, they bring to life the prehistoric animals in a lively and imaginative way which should make an immediate appeal to little children.

THE HUNDRED DRESSES. By Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. $2.

Louis Slobodkin, sculptor, winner of the Caldecott award for 1943 for his drawings for James Thurber's "Many Moons" (Harcourt, Brace), author-artist of two picture books, "Magic Michael" (Macmillan) and "The Friendly Animals" (Vanguard), has proved his excellence in his inimitable drawings for the Moffat books by Eleanor Estes. In his illustrations for "The Hundred Dresses" he shows once more his imaginative powers and his ability to penetrate the essence of a story. "The Hundred Dresses" is not an easy story to illustrate for it is like verse in its concise and suggestive qualities; it is a story which depends on the interpretation of its mood for the quality of its illustrations. Mr. Slobodkin has caught this. He has worked in water color, designing each page harmoniously, eager for illustration and text to speak together, evoking the movement of a mood as each page is turned. This is an unforgettable book, sensitive in its story telling, illustration, and design.

—From "Millions of Cats."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CRIB. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. $1.25.

An artist illustrates her own story of St. Francis and the first crêche at Greccio. Those who have read Katherine Milhous's earlier books, especially the tale of Herodia, the lovely puppet, (Scribners), know how ably she blends her gifts as illustrator and story teller, and recognize the regard for authentic detail which is back of everything she creates. Her work for "The First Christmas Crib" stems not so much from research as from an association with place which Miss Milhous has carried within herself since her student days in Italy. Throughout the pages of this little book one feels her awareness of times and scenes which have caught her imagination. There is a mellowness in the tones of her work which recalls the Umbrian countryside, and emotions evoked as she sketched bits of architecture, Italian types, or birds and animals in a piazza, respond to the beauty which transported her mind to the thirteenth century. All this combined with the gentle reverence for her subject is communicated in the conceit and design of this little book.

THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS. Poems, Carols, and Stories Chosen by Anne Thaxter Eaton. Decorated by Valenti Angelo. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. $2.

Here is a book completely harmonious in design, decoration, and text. Valenti Angelo is a distinguished designer of rare sensitivity and imaginative powers who brings to every book he illustrates some of the appreciation and delight stirred in him when as a small boy in Tuscany he saw his first illuminated book in the hands of the village priest who was reading in the sun. Mr. Angelo's own first book, "Nino" (Viking), tells of his childhood in beautiful gentle prose and drawings that seem touched by the Italian sun. He has illuminated the pages of "The Animals' Christmas" with drawings and decorations in black line and pale blue-green, sensitively conceived, and with a classic strength born of the Italian tradition of medieval decorative art. Each page is a beautiful composition of decoration and text held in happy conjunction.

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TRAVELERS ALL. The Story of How Plants Go Places. Written and drawn by Irma E. Webber. New York: William R. Scott. 1945. $1.25.

This simple and informative little book about plants and their children, by a well known botanist, has been given a distinctive format worthy of the graphic clarity and concise treatment of its subject. There is an orderliness of text and drawings here which leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that these are basic laws of nature being presented. Beautiful in design and color printing, each page is dramatic and direct in its appeal. With their regard for detail, these illustrations, designed as part of the text, are good, clear, scientific drawings. There is suitability and imagination about the entire treatment of this original little book.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Complete Edition. With 212 illustrations by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. $7.50.

The line drawings and decorations printed in color and black and white for this complete edition of Grimm, seem to stem from the same primitive and folk imagination which produced the tales themselves. Steeped in folk-art tradition they convey in their pattern and design the elemental realism, wit, and humor, and a full realization of the spirit which motivates the tales. The illustrated pages are well composed with an eye to rhythm, movement, and variety. The book is distinguished in every sense.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN. One hundred and sixty illustrations of Gustave Doré. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. $3.75.

Pantheon Books deserve a special vote of thanks for making available to use the edition of Baron Munchausen with illustrations by Doré. Doré's imagination was a good match for the Baron's amazing and fabulous exploits. By his great skill he gave to these exploits drawings full of the fantasy and amusing and extravagantly picturesque detail they demand. Here is fine drawing in a great tradition, clean sharp line, heroic grandeur, humor, and honesty. This is a splendid book for the young who are interested in drawing, for by example they may study a craftsman's skill and power of dramatization. The book has a beautiful printed page made possible by the gracious spacing and proportion given to its illustrations.

MY VILLAGE. By Janina Porazinska. Illustrated by Stanislaw Bobinski. Translated from the Polish by Lucia Merecka Borski. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. $1.25.

—*From "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen."*

Felicitors design and format mark this book for which Stanislaw Bobinski's drawings have been reproduced from the original Polish edition. Printed in sepia and green they retain their strength of line and folk quality. The illustrations depict the simple things of village life and, like the text, carry to their fullest degree the poetic power, tenderness, and humor of these folk impressions.

BABY BEARS. A True Story. Translated from the Russian of E. Charushin by Marguerita Rudolph. Illustrations by George Korff. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. $1.

The notebooks of Charushin, the Russian naturalist, provide material for this appealing picturebook for little children. Printed from the Russian edition, its illustrations have warmth and kindliness as they describe the pranks and spirited frolicsomeness of two bear cubs who spend the winter of their first year in the hut of a Russian peasant. The book has accuracy and integrity in both text and drawings. It represents high value at a low price.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Introduction by William Rose Benét. Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin. New York: The Heritage Press. 1945. $3.

In his drawings for this book Roger Duvoisin approaches the poems with a French instinct for poetry. One is delighted to find for each poem an accompanying drawing that seems to grow out of a sensibility and complete realization of the timeless world of childhood as it speaks through Stevenson's lines. Duvoisin has so completely realized the inner sense of each poem that every drawing seems to move out of it and form a complete unit with the rhythm of its lines. He suggests in the feeling and design of his most simple drawing, the wonder of a child watching his shadow, playing by the sea, or viewing the world from his bed. One could wish the color printing had been less harsh in its tonal values, for the design and composition of each page are indeed a joy.

Princess in Exile

ALIAS JANE SMITH. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

FIRST and last, this country has digested a lot of nobility. Every war, every revolution has brought to our shores a new wave not only of the proletariat but also of the aristocracy. The most recent wave has been one of the largest, casting up countless needy counts, innumerable duchesses without ducats; everywhere that you go you are likely to strike an earl. Yet "Alias Jane Smith" demonstrates that we have not yet lost our appetite for the noble exile. A new outcropping of the rich "Monsieur Beaucaire" vein, it concerns a pin-up grandduchess who is not too proud to work. Matching youth, beauty, and energy with the American girl, she also matches wits with the American gangster, and easily comes off the winner in both engagements.

As Jane Smith, the disguised grandduchess represents the American's dream of the princess in exile, the characters in the subsidiary plot represent still another survival—very odd to find in Mr. Kelland—the British novelists' dream of the American. In action, psychology, and speeches, as in nomenclature, Mr. Tickle, the Oklahoma oil king, and his daughter Rapunzel are drawn not from reality but from British fiction. Nevertheless—or, perhaps, in consequence—"Alias Jane Smith" is admirable hot-bath reading. The grandduchess stoops to a major; Rapunzel lets down her hair and confesses that she loves a columnist; and everybody is happy.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 90

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 90 will be found in the next issue.

FX MB CKAX PXL XDC FAC

GSCMZLHC XW ACMHNBV

PXLHZCSW FMSE.

—KXBVHCJC

—DMP XW FAC DXHSO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 89

DELICACY IS THE COQUETRY OF TRUTH; FASTIDIOUSNESS IS THE PRUDERY OF FALSEHOOD. —H. W. SHAW.

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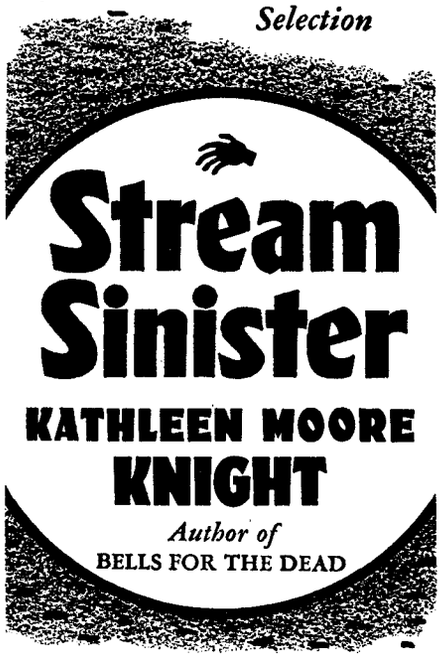
The March **CRIME CLUB** *Selection*



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"SOME service people are dined, danced, and night-shifted away from books; some isolated and USO'd and high-sea'd closer to them than ever before. [That's true: one young Naval officer told me that in *his* work there wasn't a minute to read, and another that he'd never had so much time before to read as he did *now*!] Convinced am I that even the joy of coming back cannot make up for the time spent away, hence this poem," writes Sareen Ruth Epstein, Y3c, USNR, from the Bureau of Ships in the Navy Department. She also asks if I often hear from Kansas Citians, as that was her home before the War and she had a few poems in the *Kansas City Star, Bard, Ave Maria,* and *Scholastic.* Here's Miss Epstein's present verse:

TO A FORGOTTEN LIBRARY

The books upon your shelves, tonight,
  Return to this bold heart, young fright.
Now almost nunlike, lightly so,
  I walk; but over waste I go.
These books I haven't read, as yet.
  And those, I've meant for years to get.
The book I might have penned myself
  Stands anyway upon the shelf!
All this without me. I, alone,
  Trod time as heavy feet tread stone.

And you forgive? And yet invite?
To constant friends I come, tonight!

Speaking of Kansas City, the next communication I pick up is from that very place. Bertrenia Bowker, who lives on The Paseo, sends in a Leave Out Couplet:

The "outs" are straining hard for solace
By persecuting ——— ———.

Nevertheless—! She remembers a rhyme that was published some years ago, but where or by whom she does not remember. It ran somewhat as follows:

No matter how much poise and grace
A woman normally possesses,
She loses it who takes her place
Upon a drug store stool, nor guesses
What she looks like sitting there,
All elbows, knees and derrière

Miss Bowker goes on, "Since the beginning of the war, with a certain shortage which figures prominently wherever women gather I have wanted to recall the name of the rhymester, and to send him this:

GIVE 'EM GIRDLES

They've made improvement in drug-store stools,
  But none in the dames who sit 'em.
Gals flaunting elbows and knees and all
  Never seem quite to fit 'em.
And now with the shortage of you-know-whats,
  I avoid the gay drug-store
With its same old elbows, its same old knees,
  But more derrière than before!

Lieut. Harold Leventhal of the United States Coast Guard has rightly rebuked me for calling Swinburne's limerick concerning Arthur Hugh Clough a "quatrain." All I can say is that when I did that, and I repeated the error, my ears must have been ringing and my mind a total blank. Sometimes it does happen!

In February, the Topics of the Times in *The New York Times,* Simeon Strunsky's column, referred to a "character," one Homer Dewsnap, who was concerned over the plight of new members of Congress who couldn't

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DIED IN THE WOOL *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown, $2.)	New Zealand sheep ranch owner turns up in highly compressed state in middle of wool bale. Detective Alleyne investigates.	Year old death of "murder-worthy" woman involves numerous suspects and subversive plot but Alleyne solves it handily.	Tops
OBSQUIES AT OXFORD *Edmund Crispin* (Lippincott: $2.)	Eleven go to Oxford for repertory theatre performance. Three are murdered before Gervase Fen, scholarly sleuth, unmasks killer.	Good plot and some interesting characters—all cluttered up with pyrotechnical display of erudition that doesn't help one bit.	Exasperating
DEATH AT THE DOOR *Anthony Gilbert* (Smith & Durrell: $2.)	English village where nothing ever happens produces couple of murders for Arthur Crook to solve.	One recent and one current fatality solved, and ancient family curse scotched by stout and perceptive London sleuth.	Leisurely, but good

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find in Washington any place, be it ever so humble, that they could call home. On St. Valentine's Day I received from an old, but not often printed, correspondent who signs herself "Gretna Green," the following comment in verse on same. She calls it:

THE HOMELESS M. C.'s BLUES

A Congressman was seated in a capital city park,
A heavy snow was falling, the hour was after dark;
He had canvassed rooming-houses, hotels, and flop-joints too,
None had accommodations, and he was feeling blue.
He had finished his ablutions in the spacious park's bird-bath,
The water's being cold for shaving also fed his wrath.
A brave policeman spied him and hurried to his bench—
From afar the cop mistook him for a lover and his wench—
But when he saw the poor M.C. it gave his heart a wrench!
"Dear Officer," the M. C. said, "my wife she is a WAC,
My daughters WAVES and SPARS, and *I'm* alone till they come back;
But sleeping outdoors wintertime, for *that* I have no knack.
Now, couldn't you arrest me, pretending I'm a thug,
Or make a charge of vagrancy, and throw me in the jug?
Why should Washington treat a Congressman worse than any other mug?"
The Copper, trying not to cry, in a hanky blew his schnozzle,
Words couldn't half express the grief he felt for this *Schlemozzle!*
Then, draping a horse-blanket round the shivering M. C.
And placing the M. C.'s overnight-bag pillow-wise, said he:

"There may be one jail empty where I could chuck you in,
But if found out, I'd lose my job, so let me tuck you in;
I'll tell you bedtime stories until you fall asleep,
Or, if you like, I'll sing you ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP
So be a good sport, Congressman, stretch on the bench full length,
And for tomorrow's work in Congress may the Lord lend-lease you strength!—
They oughtn't treat M. C.'s this way, even those whose pasts are checkered—
I think you ought to spread your tale on the *Congressional Record!*"

John Nixon, Jr., of Tarboro, N. C., is not yet twenty-one but he has written the following ironical poem which he sends me, and which I think should see the light. It is unusually condensed and powerful for a youngster:

CHOOSE A STRONG GOD

No bauble is unbreakable—
Be careful how you touch
A china urn, a butterfly,
A lover's heart, and such.
Rather erect your deity
Of might and gold and stones—
That it may take you in its hand
And crush your pious bones.

—JOHN NIXON, JR.

And here's a poem by Ivan Swift of Detroit, Michigan, on

CITY PIGEONS

Greeting, dove with the agate eyes,
First love and first prize!
Prized for your dainty crumb-peck
And rocking rhythmic neck
Timed to your stepping toes.
And salute to you, gallant beaux,
Strutting in protection and pursuit,
Clad in lustrous blends of fruit!
I knew your soft cooings
Of mornings, your constant wooings
To my childhood ears,
In the dear years
Of grandsire's farming.
Now you renew your charming
Of one as old as he was then,
And you the same to me as when
I watched you tumbling
Showily over barn-roofs,
And wanted words for mumbling
My measure of your love proofs.
Now, from my high city window,
My eyes and ears attend you
Battling the winter snow and rain—
And I am wordless and speechless again!

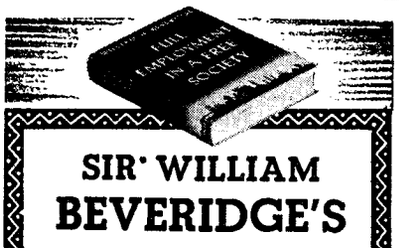
Mr. Swift calls this poem to the attention of all City Aldermen! He says that "a pigeon war" is on out his way, and that one alderman wants them out of his attic. On the other hand, he says, the public wants the bats out of the alderman's attic! As for the children, they stand by the pigeons, with peanuts and popcorn.

The last word on Arthur Hugh Clough comes to me, by the way, from Mrs. Hendee Rice of Hartford, who cries:

A bas Swinburne! I like better the lines Brian Hooker once wrote on an English exam. paper:

There once was a poet named Clough
About whom I don't know enough
To write of his life,
His books or his wife,
Or even to throw a good bluff!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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(Continued on next page)

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(*Continued from page* 37)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

THE new set-up should please those of you who have persisted patiently in a plea for more space between the word numbers, I recall especially Mrs. Arthur T. Holbrook, Milwaukee. Norman Cousins is responsible for the change.

Modern poetry, when it comes to selections for DCs, on the whole fazes me. Recently I pursued some notes I had taken from the last review of poetry in these pages by Bill Benét, particularly did I want to use Marianne Moore. Except, ironically enough, for a few whose titles were too long or too short for this page, I could make no sense of it! At heart a lover of poetry, brought up by parents who "spouted" the livelong day to order anything from Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, and their ilk, I am truly troubled at my inability to adjust myself to the times in this respect.

Although Series 17 isn't yet in your hands I am now working on Series 19. In doing one by Shakespeare, for I always include the Bard in any but American Series, I was at a loss to decide which part of the Acrostic to make the more difficult. My practice, as you know, is to make the name of the author difficult of solution so as to prolong the agony. *William* I might readily give you, for there are so many *Williams* among authors this at the start would not have given you much help; but either *Shakespeare* or the work selected would have been revealing and I didn't have enough variety in letters to make both hard. A later one from Tennyson had too many consonants and consequently too few vowels for comfort, and the puzzle when finished was too easy. In my search in Tennyson for something I had not already used, I came across an early sonnet to "Poland," written probably in the 1830's, and I give it to you for what it is worth in these days:

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the last and least
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
The fields, and out of every smouldering town
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown:
Cries to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall these things be?
How long this Icy-hearted Muscovite
Oppress the region?' Us, O Just and Good,
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;
Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right—
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

MARCH 10, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 572

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. West Indian wild yam (Comp.)

B. Doglike animal of the cat family in India, Persia, etc.

C. Fur of young lamb of a karakul sheep.

D. Pertaining to one of the chief linguistic families of N. A. Indians.

E. Seat of Carnegie Institute of Technology.

F. Kindly man and wife in "Our Mutual Friend."

G. Separation or purification of material by washing (Chem.)

H. To remove restraint from (2 wds.)

I. Eurasian vegetables, cooked like beans or peas or ground for flour.

J. Stupid person; simpleton (Colloq.)

K. Forsaken by one's sweetheart.

L. Leader of the Cretans against Troy (Gr. Myth.)

M. Idle talk; humbug (Slang).

N. Interjection used by sailors when hauling, as on the anchor chain.

O. Barrie's assumed birthplace.

P. Improving, esp. in health (Dial. U. S.; 3 wds.)

Q. Invested with a fee or feud (Eng. Law).

R. Wood or metal pins in a boat.

S. American man of letters, editor, novelist, etc. (1837-1920).

T. Beatific; sweetly blissful.

U. To live in harmony with (3 wds.)

V. Not scrimped or limited.

W. Animated.

X. Choir or reading desks.

Y. Removed or cut short by shaving.

WORDS

166 112 160 12 46 16

126 179 62 68 13 34 98

116 154 142 94 21 35 120 127 49

96 3 37 9 168 28 173 15 71 76

70 90 139 175 26 65 146 57 107 58

130 2 155 170 38 106

169 4 8 178 56 176 39

153 42 97 66 11 95 108 121

18 55 92 23 133 104 51

93 164 141 167 14 180 60 19

184 137 117 59 103 78 147 10

43 135 82 111 32 63 99 67 86

89 152 45 124

84 102 149 61 115 54 91

145 31 44 138 79 27

109 134 81 74 129 158 105 161 30

110 131 165 29 177 118 5

119 140 7 163 75 185

41 159 101 88 122 171 52

80 157 136 22 85 144 113

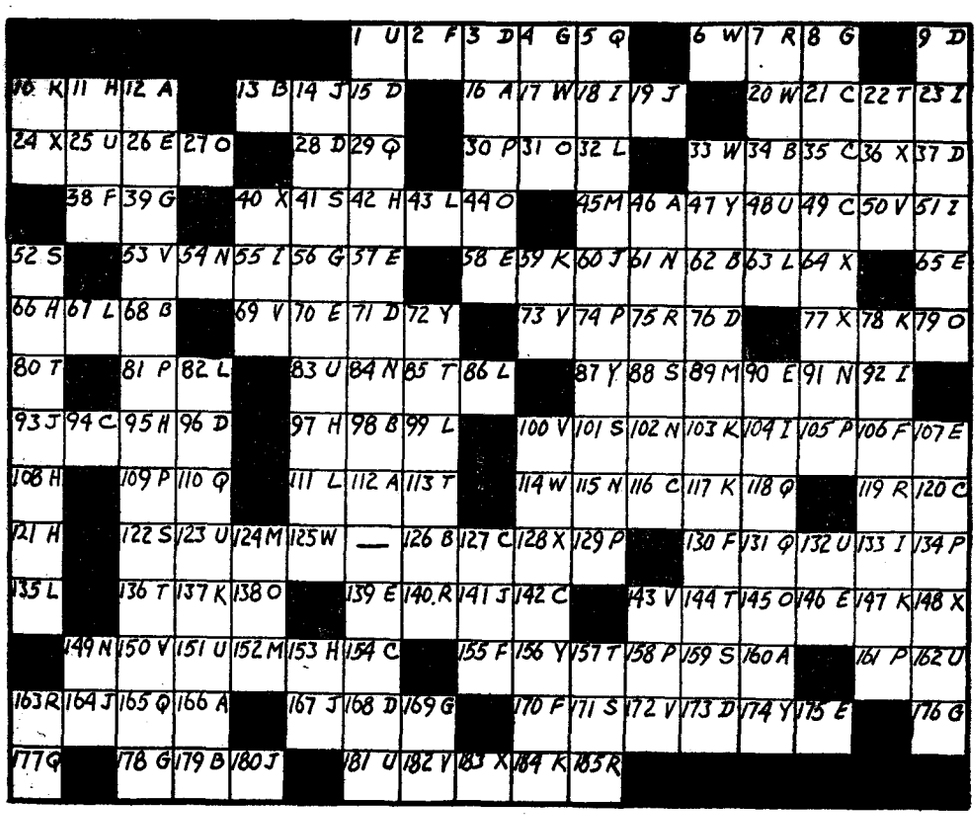
181 25 83 162 151 1 123 48 132

182 143 69 73 172 150 53 50 100

114 17 20 125 33 6

183 148 77 40 36 128 24 64

47 174 156 87 72



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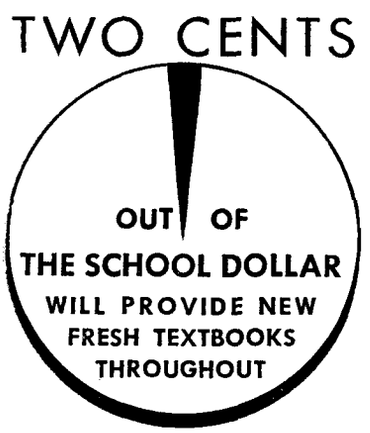

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